

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

OR

A THOUSAND AND ONE
MORNINGS WITH POETRY

BOOK THIRD - AUTUMN

BY

JOHN HAZELHURST





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LOS ANGELES

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

PRESS NOTICES ON BOOK SECOND—SUMMER

"We already have 'Spring' from this industrious sonneteer. He still continues to throw off two or three sonnets for every day, and the wonder is that he never flags, for they are nearly always neatly turned, and always reveal a real appreciation of nature."—*"Times" Literary Supplement.*

"Mr. John Hazelhurst is a remarkable man. He sings a sonnet every morning of the year, and one or two between times, and is always in sympathetic touch with Nature. He appears to dwell beneath the canopy of Heaven, and to revel in it. He is not voicing his own sentiments only when he writes—

'My pencil, in thy leaden point resides
A spell which gladdens many a joyous hour,
Or weary vigil, with its gracious power,'

for the readers of the second volume of his 'Flashes from the Orient' will fall under the spell of that magic pencil as surely as its owner has done. Mr. Hazelhurst's present book is devoted to the joys of 'Summer,' and he fully upholds the good impression he made with his musical sonnets on 'Spring.' It is perhaps hardly fair to grumble at the similarity certain pieces bear to one another, for it is, after all, a moral impossibility to differentiate between 'Rain' in June and 'Rain' in July; and the sonneteer sets himself a difficult task if he attempts to be wholly dissimilar in his treatment of such subjects as 'A Morning after Rain,' 'Watering my Garden,' 'After Rain,' 'Rain after Drought,' 'A Dull Morning after Rain,' 'Showers,' and so forth. And, indeed, Mr. Hazelhurst gives us so many good things that we can afford to forgive him in this respect. . . . Here we must leave him, not without a little impatience, to renew acquaintance with him when his 'Autumn' appreciations shall be prepared."—*Birmingham Post.*

"This is a collection of poetical sonnets for a thousand and one mornings, divided into four books dealing respectively with Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The volume on 'Spring' has already been published, and has received much approbation. The present deals with Summer,' and will, no doubt, be found equally attractive. Mr. Hazelhurst has a considerable gift of poetry, and sometimes his sonnets show very considerable imagination. The size of the book

PRESS NOTICES ON BOOK SECOND

is handy and convenient, and its general format is everything that could be desired."—*Bookseller*.

"Of the series of four poetic books dedicated to the four seasons, promised by Mr. Hazellhurst, this is the second, devoted to 'Summer.' Mr. Hazellhurst chooses the sonnet form, which he handles with exceptional freshness, fluency, and zest. There are nearly 300 sonnets in his volume, a feat in fecundity which in itself is rather startling. It cannot be said that the poems are all of equal merit, but many do reach a high level of poetic thought and expression, which arrest the attention and arouse the admiration of the reader. Mr. Hazellhurst's inspiration, as may be imagined, is in his sympathetic appreciation of nature and natural objects, and he is particularly happy in those parts of his work where his imagination is working on these transparently congenial themes."—*Bristol Mercury*."

"Mr. Hazellhurst draws the inspiration for most of his verse from natural objects and phenomena, but occasionally current events, incidents relating to people of the day, and moral questions form the subjects of his sonnets. There are many evidences of the author's versatility in the 295 pieces the book includes, and his imagination and grace will please many readers."—*Nature*.

"Mr. Hazellhurst's intention is to present a collection of sonnets for each of the four seasons. The present volume is the second, devoted to Summer, and with the sun at its height and Nature robed in all her splendour he has here scope which his talent turns to very good account. There are nearly 300 sonnets, and they prove the author a sweet singer and a keen observer of men and things. The reading of one or more of these poems on the bright summer mornings will tend to add to the joyousness of that always delightful period."—*Nottingham Guardian*.

"Mr. John Hazellhurst's 'Flashes from the Orient, or A Thousand and One Mornings with Poesy,' had a commencement some time ago, when Book I., devoted to Spring Sonnets, made its appearance. This is followed by Summer Sonnets, comprehending Book II. The little pieces display fancy and a love of natural objects, and those who were gratified with the former instalment may be expected to renew their pleasure in the second collection. The publishers are Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd."—*Western Daily Press*.

"These columns have already commended this author's series of sonnets on 'Spring.' This new volume is devoted to 'Summer,' and the writer reaches and maintains the same high level as in his former work."—*Western Morning News*.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

Flashes from the Orient

OR

A THOUSAND AND ONE
MORNINGS WITH POESY

IN FOUR BOOKS

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, AND WINTER

Book Third—AUTUMN

BY

JOHN HAZELHURST



PRINTED BY

HAZELL, WATSON & VINEY, LD.

LONDON AND AYLESBURY

1910

Price 1s. 6d. net

PR
6015
H34f
v. 3

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ERRATA

Page 7, line 1, add " day ! " at end of line.

„ 7 „ 8, read " So beauteous is autumn's softened ray."

„ 20 „ 7, for " sings " read " sighs."

„ 94 „ 2, for " hall " read " fall."

„ 149 „ 14, for " lost " read " tost."

„ 192 „ 9, delete " s " from " Elysées."

„ 228 „ 5, for " they " read " them."

AUTUMN

THE POESY OF NATURE

THE poesy of heaven and earth rolls on,
In psalmody and song of lyric flow,
The zephyrs or storm-winds alternate blow,
In laughing day on which the sun hath shone.
In th' evening, when the shining hours are gone,
And silent night broods o'er the earth below,
And moon and stars from their enthronement glow,
Each day a verse in Nature's ode is won.
Each night another epic song sublime,
On angels' harps by angel fingers played,
To hymns and psalmody inspired doth chime,
Till night in day's effulgent strophe fade,
And lyric day renews its jocund rhyme,
In song of lark which sings as it doth climb.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMNAL IDYLL

AUTUMNUS, thy seductive charms I sing,
Maturity of beauty's queenly pride.
Now ripened fruits with deep vermilion dyed,
Purple or golden, their choice treasures bring,
For man to gather or their clusters fling
O'er the greensward. The vines, purple or white,
Hang bloomful in the soft autumnal light,
And reminiscence of the wine-press bring
To mind in Andalusian vintage fair,
On Lusitanian slopes, in Thessaly,
On California's sunny plains, whose air
Intoxicates as doth the wine to be
Pressed in the vintage where th' Pacific sea
Breathes myrrh and balm and citron odours rare.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

September 23

AUTUMN, how beauteous are thy tresses gay,
Brightening the field and forest with red fires,
Where summer in thy sweet embrace expires !
How beautiful th' illuminated day,
When the mist's transfigured in the ray
Of sunrise, and dew trembles on the flowers
Which still adorn the garden's beds and bowers,
And th' diamond dewdrops on them lingering stay !
What though stern winter's forecast looms in thee,
That veil of mist transparent in the light,
Distance half seen, half robed in mystery,
And the trees all reddening daily to the sight,
Are a present and sufficing joy to me,
Though winter follow with its withering blight.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

September

SUMMER and autumn blend their opulent power,
And shed effulgence on the fruitful year.
The grateful husbandmen the tall stacks rear,
Till mart and mill the harvest's wealth devour,
And sustenance provide for winter's hour.
From Christian England to the Buddhist East,
Praise waits on God in the crowning of the feast,
Where peace abides or wars terrific lower.
Then wake, my song ; let harp and lute awake ;
The universal hymn I would intone.
Let Nature's voice in vocal concord break,
And raise the anthem round the echoing zone.
In grateful love from Bounty's hand we take
The gifts, and the great Giver's goodness own.

AUTUMN

THE SPIRIT OF AUTUMN

BEAUTIFUL sadness is the note which sounds
From the soft chorus of the earth and skies,
Where the mournful wind for vanished summer sighs,
And autumn's colouring o'er all abounds:
It is a note which gladdens and which wounds.
To-day the trees are exquisitely fair,
To-morrow of their crown of honours bare,
And glowing autumn to dull winter bounds.

How beautiful the lesson it conveys
To the devout and thoughtful on life's way,
Who pass the glowing autumn of their days,
And who on winter's threshold still can say,
Though sad, "To God we tune our heartfelt praise,"
And know that death preludes eternal day!

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

A FLAMING dawn-glow and the morning star,
Effulgent shining on the heavens bright,
Clinging upon the train of vanished night,
Remind us that heaven's shining lustres are,
Though all unseen, still radiant afar :
And though misfortune's darkly frowning face,
Eclipse the memory of Heaven's grace,
And faith and doubt are ceaselessly at war,
There is a Providence behind that cloud,
Presiding in prosperity or bane,
And goodness doth potential light enshroud
In gloom, and mercy is revealed in pain ;
Nature is eloquent, in voices loud
Or low, declaring God's benignant reign.

AUTUMN

September

HAIL, glorious morn of an autumnal!
Thy radiance is of the summer bright,
Where not a cloud obscures effulgent light,
And balmy zephyrs through the tree-tops play,
And th' robin, minstrel sole, sings blithe and gay.
The trees, though drooping 'neath autumnal blight,
Are yet with warmer beauty sweetly dight ;
So beauteous is autumn, bright and gay.

The robin's sole and melancholy song
A tinge of sadness to the season gives,
And the zephyr's sigh the withering trees among
Makes mournful melody upon the leaves ;
So glowing beauty loving sight deceives,
And doth to winter's verge the joy prolong.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

September

THE robin's song salutes me at the gate,
Soon as I wake from slumber in the morn,
And one more bright autumnal day is born,
When I walk forth with buoyancy elate,
Rejoicing with the day, smiling at fate.
How beautiful the opalescent mist,
By the warm sun on field and upland kist,
Though shorn of beams in sovran power still great,
To reinvigorate his lambent flames,
And work the miracle of nature still,
The conscious sun for earth's redemption aims,
And doth his waning beams with fervours fill.
Jehovah's praise man's orisons proclaims,
Thankofferings rendering to His gracious will.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

GONE are the golden glories of the field,
The robin sings each morning on the spray,
Autumnal mists obscure the lord of day,
Th' invisible webs of spiders are revealed
In countless numbers by the clinging dew,
Which lifts them picturesquely into view ;
The garden lawns their jewelled wealth display,
And the late buds of roses are unsealed ;
The gladioli now with crimson bloom,
And dahlia in varied pomp and pride,
With blaze of colour sumptuously illume
And flood with fragrance the gay garden's side,
Where every other summer flower hath died,
Shadowing all things with symbolic doom.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE FLOWERS OF AUTUMN

THE flowers of autumn, beauteously they bloom,
When the last pallid rose hangs on the stalk,
And its fragrant petals litter the hard walk.
First in the train stately chrysanthemums come,
And dahlia proudly lifts its flowery dome ;
The stock is fading, but phlox lifts its head
In many colours o'er the garden spread,
And Michaelmas daisy takes a spacious room.

Clematis in its royal purple shines,
And climbs the cottage porch, the palace wall ;
And Virginia creeper's blaze of colour lines
The nodding bower, of grace a miracle ;
And canaryensis its bright yellow twines
O'er arch and trellis, slender, fair, and tall.

AUTUMN

EARLY AUTUMN

September

RED bergamot and phlox, resplendent flowers,
Irradiate the garden in the fall,
And roses cluster on warm southern wall,
And still make fragrant early autumn hours ;
And now sweet woodbine climbs above the bowers,
With clematis and passion-flower so bright,
In myriad blossom, purple, brown, and white ;
While in the fields the husbandman his powers
Exerts to reap and garner the ripe grain,
Which paints with golden promise hill and vale,
The guerdon of the sunshine and the rain,
Dismissing fears which yesterday did pale,
His ruddy brow with ruin's threatened pain—
The forecast of the torrent and the gale.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

September 1, 1902

THE ruddy days of autumn glide away,
The dawn obscures itself in murky sky,
Invisible the sun ascends on high,
Nor doth illuminate the lessening day,
While Pluvial torrents from high heaven play
Nor in the west at eve the sun is seen,
Setting in light and majesty serene,
With rosy and effulgent pomp's display.

The denizens of towns, who annual fly
Away and seek the oceans' sounding shore,
Delighting on the golden sands to lie,
Now sorrowing on their disappointments o'er,
And with the ocean's wail responsive sigh,
And sorrow's plaint in ears as mournful pour.

AUTUMN

THE OAT-HARVEST

September 2, 1902

THE forest trees put on apparel dun,
All dappled o'er with an autumnal brown,
The purple heath emblazons the wide down,
And the wheat-fields ripen in the glowing sun,
While harvest in the oat-fields is begun :
The sheaves arranged in geometric line,
In radiance of the dazzling morning shine,
And a thousand birds perpetual feast have won :
Scared by the passing foot in clouds they rise,
And fly for shelter to the covert trees,
Emitting from those green arcades no cries,
Silent in bird-lore open subtleties :
From autumn's swift advance the summer flies,
Turning deaf ears to Nature's witcheries.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

A RAINY AUTUMN

September 3, 1902

MALIGNANT Powers of air, how dire their sway,
Subversive of High Heaven omnipotent !
And to o'erthrow God's gracious purpose bent,
They interpose thick darkness on the day,
Pile cloud on cloud in battleous array,
Pour down torrential floods from pitch-dark skies,
While in the fields the flooded harvest lies,
And autumn's failure drowns the hopes of May.

But may not Heaven's consuming wrath be shown
So against sin and 'gainst a sinful land ?
A world in Deluge once was overthrown,
And Sodom perished 'neath His dread command.
Or are they merely Nature's forces, and
Her adamant laws obedient own ?

AUTUMN

September

AUGUSTLY glorious month of sun and flowers,
Summer and autumn in thee radiant meet.
The flowers are redolent with honey sweet,
A thousand blossoms deck the garden bowers,
Beauty and fragrance fill the jocund hours ;
Fair Flora decks the bowers of love and joy,
Pomona spreads a feast without alloy,
Corn, wine, and fruit Vertumnus plenteous showers.

My garden is a source of pure delight.
Beneath, with flowers adorned of myriad hue,
Above, the trees with fruit rejoice the sight,
Pomona's brimming horn the lawns bestrew :
They all reveal God's goodness and His might
And crown the fruitful year to mortal view.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

September

How beauteous are the gay plumes of the lime,
On an autumn morning shining in the light
Of pearly sunrise opalescent bright,
When the mist rolls off, leaving a sparkling rime,
Transparent lingering while the matin chime
Of the robin wakes a tender echo round,
In the lull of autumn silences profound,
And the matchless loveliness of England's clime.

The whispering air, how fragrant, crisp, and fine !
How exhilarating to the buoyant soul !
For vanished summer who could aught repine
In an autumn which rich splendours doth unroll,
Where clusters of the apricot and vine,
In gushing ripeness thirst and fever cool ?

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

September

AUTUMNAL morning, misty, cold, and grey.
Only the robin's piping song is heard,
And in the hedges countless snares are reared
(By the busy spider), woven to waylay
Th' unwary fly on every vantage spray.
How calm and apathetic is the wind!
The phantom trees are spectrally outlined,
And mist and fog full oft eclipse the day.

A warning branch of maple is hung forth,
In crimson dyed in all its ruddy leaves,
And the sycamore in its circumferent girth
Of foliage, for the waning summer grieves,
Glittering hoar-frost creeps from th' chill north,
And of the trees their foliage bereaves.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

September 23

How exquisitely calm the dewy morn,
Which hath a bracing tinge of early frost,
When the misty near horizon-line is lost
In white transparencies of vapour, worn
Like the bridal veil which beauty doth adorn !
While the bridegroom sun out of his chamber leaps
Rejoicing, and from honied morning sips
Sweet kisses from his bride's responsive mouth,
Breathing soft perfumes of the sunny South.

What though the leaves are falling all around ?
What though the plaintive robin's voice is heard ?
The gardens are with autumn's blossoms crowned,
And the trees with Æolian melodies are stirred ;
But Philomel's soft song no more doth sound.

AUTUMN

THE WANE OF SUMMER

September

SUMMER has fled, the skies are wet with tears
For the vanished glories of fair summer time,
Which have shed lustre on Great Britain's clime,
As in traditions of the vanished years;
Where the ancient sun as in his youth appears,
Shining as in the vigour of his prime,
Though the optic seer on Fesole beheld
Blurs on the blazon of his golden shield,
Right royally o'er Britain's isle he shone,
Beauty and plenty scattering in his wake,
So that a plenteous harvest hath upgrown,
And with abundant fruits the orchards shake.
Were there no God all men would him enthrone,
And sacrifices to him daily make.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

September 24

VIRGINIA CREEPER's glorious splendour dyes
The southern façade of my cottage home,
And grey blooms on th' Michaelmas daisy come,
While crimson gladiolus withering lies,
And chrysanthemum in stateliness doth rise.

A meteorological depression brings
A cold rain and the wind elegiac sings,
And summer weeping to oblivion flies.

The butterfly is dead, the bees no more
Revel in honey in the fading flowers;
Their banquets of the summer sweets are o'er;
And the birds are silent in the drooping bowers;
The winds with foretaste of bleak winter roar,
And rain descends in oft-recurring showers.

AUTUMN

September 25, 1908

SUMMER has flown, the whispering breezes sigh,
In threnody of sad autumnal moan,
The village maidens Ceres' icon crown
With garlands of ripe wheat, with which they twine
Around her symbol tendrils of the vine ;
At the harvest feast the wingèd footsteps fly,
In waltz or reel and barn-floor jollity,
And lovers there the dawn of passion own,

Where bright eyes shine, and ruby lips allure,
And warm propinquity of buxom charms
Awake the love through life sworn to endure ;
With amorous flame the rustic bosom warms,
With twinkling feet beat time upon the floor,
And Chloe floats in Strephon's circling arms.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

September 30, 1908

THE robin trills its meditative lay,
Herald of autumn and precursor found,
How pleasant to the ear the mellow sound,
When other birds have ceased their carols gay !
When melancholy tints th' autumnal day,
Though the year with autumn's bounteous gifts be crowned,
And golden grain burdens the fruitful ground,
Memory laments the summer passed away,
And with the robin sympathetic sings
Elegiac strains as o'er departed friend,
While it in emblematic mourning brings
Autumnal leaves, the dear remains to fend
From ruffian wind lest wind and winter rend,
And summer's dirge in lonely vigil rings.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

September 24, 1908

UBIQUITOUS robin, autumn's minstrel, thou
Awak'st the echoes of th' autumnal morn.
The fields are thick with shocks of golden corn,
The chestnut's armoured fruit drops from the bough,
The pear and apple redden in the sun,
The vine empurples and the vintage nears,
And th' revels of the harvest home one hears,
When the dances on the barn-floor have begun.

That august moon, dilated as the shield
Of Achilles of vast circumference bright,
Is on the dome of midnight heaven revealed,
And consecrates the harvest's festal rite,
And floods with splendour mountain, forest, field,
Till its beams are quenched in morn's surpassing light.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

SABBATH MORN

September 1908

AUTUMNAL Sabbath morn, how sweet the chime
Of bells upon the breeze melodious,
With gentle invitation calling thus
To holy worship! Buoyantly we climb
(Devotion winged, psalter in reverent hand),
That hill of praise, crowned by its temple fane,
And dedicate our ransomed souls again
To God, while listening to His blest command.

And our praises fired with sacred zeal aspire
On the Psalmist's lays divinely worshipful,
Enkindle with heaven's spark our altar fire,
And prayerful bow to God's benignant rule,
In faith and hope to tune the harp and lyre,
And heaven's symbolic amaranth to cull.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

September 29, 1908

THOUGH a summer sun still ushers in the dawn,
The swifts and nightingales have fled the grove,
The larks are silent in the heav'ns above,
The diamond dew long lingers on the lawn,
The thrush and chaffinch cease their vibrant songs,
The squirrel heaps its barn with winter store
Of beechen nuts, and flits abroad for more,
And the swallows cluster in migratory throngs.

The chilly morn hath hint of winter's frost,
Alternative with rain diluvial,
The sun his fervency of heat hath lost,
And withered leaves in eddying numbers fall,
And vessels on the billowy wave are tost,
And cast in dismal wreck on Britain's wall.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

September 1908

THE merry lilt of summer from the wind
Has vanished and autumnal sighs prevail;
The robin takes up its prophetic tale,
In solo warblings plaintively resigned
To summer's wane, to autumn's chill unkind,
While shocks of corn chequer the smiling vale;
But Boreas rides on equinoctial gale,
And th' fading flowers of autumn's reign remind.

The morning breaks clothed in a sombre stole,
And canopies with shade heaven's wide expanse,
Dark clouds in threatening battalions roll,
And quench the early morning's sunbeams' glance,
By wizard spell entranced is Nature's soul;
That occult magic spell doth me entrance.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

September 1908

AN iridescent morn, autumnal bright,
An atmosphere translucent, luminous,
Aurora's golden tresses waving loose,
On th' zephyr's jewelled wing with sunbeams dight,
Like the flash of lyre or humming birds to sight,
On California's prairies or the plains
Of Hindostan, where summer ever reigns,
In a blue sky flecked with cherubic white.

Autumn on summer's flying footsteps treads.
The day may break with opalescent sky,
Or cloudy, shot with purples, golds, or reds ;
But ere the day in evening's splendours die
Full oft a leaden greyness o'er heaven spreads,
And furious gales blare autumn's advent nigh.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

September 1908

TRANSLUCENT mist, transfiguration bright
Of jewelled morning in day's hooded rise,
While the soft billowy hoar-white vapour lies
Glowing and permeate with shafted light,
Autumnal, cold, and dazzling to the sight,
In th' east, while in the west hang leaden skies,
But which yield to the day-god's witcheries,
And change to garmentry of shimmering white.

Autumnal sheen of mellow light illumines
North, south, east, west, in blended radiance,
While sickly pallor o'er the woodland comes,
And doth the shimmer of the day enhance.
The oak its gold-brown livery assumes,
While fireflies on the sunbeams flickering dance.

AUTUMN

HELICON

September 15, 1908

MOUNTAIN of Helicon, whose summits high
Are the Muses' haunts, in thought I climb thy steeps,
The while o'er Hellas' fall my spirit weeps.
My mortal vision dwells on Corinth nigh,
And Bœotia's valleys at my feet which lie,
And scans the torrent to the plain which leaps,
Where it away in wide meanders creeps.
But Helicon hath lost its sanctity.
Where are Apollo's and the Muses' grove ?
Where are the symbols of their glorious forms ?
With the dead faiths those sculptured forms remove,
But Hippocrene still down its cascades storms ;
There Aganippe's stream meanders wide,
And Permessus' foaming falls the scoffer chide.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

September 16, 1908

A GLOOMY apathy enshrouds the skies,
Of dull eclipse in early autumn day,
Where a lagging sun beclouds its visual ray,
And zephyr through the tree-tops moaning sighs,
But the trees empanoplied in verdure rise,
Untinged as yet with autumn's livery gay,
Except where southern sunbeams kindly play,
And the garden in the lap of summer lies.

For the abundant equinoctial rains
Wash and rejuvenate the foliage green
Of the woodland trees, and summer still maintains
Its magic influence o'er th' unfading scene,
For ichor pulses still through Nature's veins,—
Nature, who drinks from fount of Hippocrene.

AUTUMN

September 29, 1908

A TRANSLUCENT sunrise to mist-haloed morn,
Where a dazzling hoar-frost whitens the wide plain,
And the palsied leaves patter to ground like rain,
The fields of all their golden wealth are shorn,
And cease to glow with treasure of the corn;
The woods have taken on a dappled strain
Of splendour, and on the arcaded lane
Autumnal panoplies the trees adorn.

My garden in the sunshine's glittering sheen
Rejoices and renews its beauteous bloom,
Valley and hill are bright with pristine green,
And autumn comes without autumnal gloom.
Chrysanthemums the parterres re-illumine,
And the last rose doth fading lustre preen.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October

How beautiful is an October morn,
When th' sun breaks forth in primal summer power,
And spurns the clouds in day's meridian hour,
Which from the dawn the weeping skies had worn !
Gone is the verdance from the woods forlorn,
Replaced with beauty—russet brown, and gold,
And with the heath and bracken on the wold
Autumnal dyes the woods and fields adorn.

Morn's mournful shadows change to radiance fair,
Those purple clouds have cirrus white become,
Of summer softness in the weeping air,
And still in gardens sound the bees' low hum,
Though imagination sees impending there
Drear winter's blight and hears the tempest's boom.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

October

AN autumn morning. From a sea of mist
The sun emerges radiantly bright,
While yet the moon hangs on the skirts of night,
Its spectral shadow a pale amethyst :
The mountain-tops by the rising sun are kist,
And spurn the clouds aside in glowing day,
Rejoicing in that orb's translucent ray,
And are with opalescent splendour dight.
Or 'tis a morn of mirk envelopment
Of vapour brooding o'er the landscape wide,
The sun in darkness of eclipse doth hide ;
An impervious veil of fog without a rent,
Like a leaden pall spread o'er the dull opaque
Darkens the day, which may not through it break.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

WIND AND RAIN FOLLOWED BY SUNSHINE

October

THE period of languor and repose
Has pass'd, and boisterous autumn winds arise,
And dark clouds march athwart the inky skies,
And wind and rain belligerent oppose
In th' armies of the heavens.

The fragile rose
Sheds its last petal, the first swallow flies,
The gale's rich spoil upon the greensward lies,
And winter o'er the scene its shadow throws.

It passes, and a morn divinely bright
Succeeds the day of hurricane and rain ;
A cloudless sun diffuses orient light,
And the luminate woods are all aflame again
With the splendour of the autumn's glorious blight,
Which doth in ruddy dyes the foliage stain.

AUTUMN

CHURCH PSALMODY

SWEET is the harmony of the woodland choir,
The melody of the lark's inspiring lay,
Singing at heaven's gate at the dawn of day,
And sweet the nightingale's seraphic lyre ;
But the song which Heaven's devotion doth inspire,
When in God's house they meet to praise and pray,
And worship charming evil thoughts away,
Lit by a spark of heaven-descended fire,
Is sweeter to the listening ear than all
The blended harmonies of wood and grove.
They come as by Heaven's angels' loving call
To the Divinity enthroned above ;
Their theme His praise who ransomed from the fall,
In blood-bought guerdon of redeeming love.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN FLORA

October

How beauteous is autumn's coronal
Of flowers sumptuous in richest dye,
When roses and geraniums withered lie,
The dahlia doth on admiration call,
And clematis clustering on cottage wall,
Chrysanthemum aspiring proudly high,
And crimson gladiolus blooming nigh,
And phlox in wealth of bloom outrivalling all.

Not only in the garden, but around
The fragrant room, in clusters fair disposed,
And the festive board with them is nobly crowned
In epergne and in crystal vase disclosed,
Search we the year's and wide creation's bound,
Few nobler chaplets, fairer flowers are found.

AUTUMN

A WET OCTOBER, 1903

THE burden of my song throughout the year,
Is still of melancholy skies and rain,
Of bounteous harvests covering hill and plain ;
But where no genial sunshine doth appear
The trees still all their vernal freshness wear,
The grass is green and plenteous as the day
When Nature revelled in the lap of May,
Nor are the robes of autumn brown or sere,
Yet Providence benign and gracious reigns,
Though clouds and darkness are around His throne ;
Still over all beneficence maintains
Control, and men His crowning goodness own,
And still, despite forebodings, fears, and pains,
Miracles of plenty for all ills atone.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE MAPLE

How beautiful the maple when the leaf
Is crimson in the flush of autumn days,
Aflame in morning sunshine's kindly blaze,
On the background of the woods in bold relief,
Whose glades sigh in a symphony of grief
For summer flown, for autumn's passing hours,
For songless groves, for ever-weeping showers,
For time of balm and beauty all too brief.

But oh how beautiful in its decay
Is Nature's robe of crimson, brown, and gold !
Who would not winter's hastening march delay,
Whose advent will the woods and fields enfold
In snowy mantle, now so bright and gay,
With autumn pomp on flying summer rolled.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

October

AUTUMN and melancholy synchronise ;
The blanching leaves upon the fading trees,
In their fluttering myriads tossed upon the breeze,
Evoke sweet memories, regrets, and sighs,
And the canopy immense of leaden skies,
Weighs on the drooping spirit with unrest,
Wherein obsessing sadness is confest
In protean ways, as how time swiftly flies,
Decrepitude and age make their sad moan,-
How sickness on its bed of dolour weeps,
For years of health, for days of pleasure flown,
And the harvest of corruption which he reaps,
Who to the flesh and sin hath largely sown,
Long penance of remorse in Hades keeps.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October 15

AUTUMN is here. How chilly is the morn !
How copious the dew upon the mead !
Winter's approach upon the trees we read,
The berries red on rowan, holly, thorn,
Our gardens, shrubberies, and fields adorn :
The leaves of linden, oak, and chestnut fade,
And are in colours brown and gold arrayed,
And in the fields, where yester' swayed the corn,
The ploughman turns the furrow, singing blithe,
The robin lilts its melancholy lay,
The swallow wings its rapid flight away,
Th' Virginia creeper doth its festoons wreathe,
Dazzling the eye with its superb array,
Most beautiful in its decay and death.

AUTUMN

October

THE winds of autumn harp upon the trees
In melancholy music, where decay
Upon their leaves its hand doth lightly lay,
And still her transformations sadly please.
Sadly, for winter's advent there one sees ;
Pleasing, for colouring of autumn glows
In the wide woods though summer's green they lose,
And gladness still their lingering charm doth seize.
Infancy, youth, maturity evolve
Their glad successive stages in the life,
So by their march may not the spirit solve ;
Th' enigmas with which time and fate are rife,
The light of holy truth doth end the strife
Of tongues, in gleams of heaven's felicities.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

October

How rich the glories of the autumn glow
In forest, field, and garden's dappled bowers,
Which mellow in the sunshine's lessening hours,
And to decay in pomp of splendour go !
The flaming colours of the maple grow
More splendid in decay. How fair the oak
Doth in its golden garnish glorious look !
What wealth of colour doth the chestnut show !

It is the Sabbath of the year, the time
When, the fruitful labour of the summer done,
The Angelus o'er field and fell doth chime,
And man and nature both repose have won.
The labourer takes and stores his well-earned dime
When the sun his bright autumnal race hath run.

AUTUMN

October

THE sycamore disrobes his spreading boughs,
The chestnut-leaves wax pallid to the gaze,
And its armoured fruit gleams in the sun's mild rays.
Anon the sun with sparkling sheen endows
The rising vapour of the morn, what time
The fields and hedges are encrust with rime
Of clinging dew, anon the sun's bright blaze
Is quite extinguished in th' impervious haze,
And an eclipse of darkness shrouds the morn.
Now while the clusters of the hops are gleaned,
And where late waved the golden-earèd corn,
The pheasants who their gorgeous plumage preened,
Robbed of their young, weep on their roosts forlorn,
And o'er the slaughter sad laments are keened.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October

How beautiful the bright autumnal morn,
Which dissipates the mist and gilds the spray
On bush and briar where diamond dewdrops lay,
And which the petals of the rose adorn,
On whose espalier still fresh blooms are born,
And while the bright geraniums are fled,
A myriad flowers adorn the garden bed,
Though leaves from arborescent trees are torn,
And strew the humid lawn and garden path,
Midst fallen apples, golden plums, and pears,
The bright chrysanthemum high station hath,
And the dahlia its crown imperial wears,
While the autumn daisy, in its dewy bath,
Nor early frost nor cruel hailstorms fears.

AUTUMN

October

THE hawthorn berries hang upon the boughs,
The rowans redden and outshine the sun,
And the wild hedgerow flowers to bloom have done,
And the remoter hills' haze-covered brows
Are wrapped in vesture grey. The mountains now,
Marshal the midnight tempests round their steeps,
From whence the volleyed thunder oft-time leaps,
And floods deep channels down the ravines plough.

Sometimes the glowing morning cloudless breaks,
The ruddy trees in sunshine all aflame,
And the bee to interrupted labour wakes,
Where the lingering autumn flowers have honeyed claim.
While the breeze the dewdrops from their petals shakes
In pearl-bright shower which them more lustrous makes.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October

THOUGH dew pervades the night and dulness day,
And deluges of rain full oft invade,
The Autumn in soft beauty is arrayed,
In coloured brilliancy of rich array,
More than in summer's opulent display,
For now a myriad colours prank the woods,
And all illuminate their solitudes
With gold's and brown's and green's resplendence gay.

The rapture of delight which fills the soul
Is like those colours evanescent found,
For winter's breath o'er those fair woods will roll,
And carpet with their glowing leaves the ground.
So the knell of death in gayest hour doth sound,
In the deep bell's oft-heard funereal toll.

AUTUMN

October 15

How beautiful is an autumnal morn,
When hoar-frost whitens all the fields around,
And withered leaves carpet the chequered ground,
While tattered banners still the trees adorn,
Resplendent though in pallid state forlorn,
When the sun emerges gloriously bright,
From a sea of mist translucent, fair, and white,
And another luminous bright day is born.

The robin 'gins to pipe his pretty lay,
And Chanticleer from distant farm-yard crows,
That melancholy, cawing rook seems gay,
As thwart the skies in laboured flight he goes;
Those fleecy flocks bleat to the rising day,
And Crummie for the tripping milkmaid lows.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October

AUTUMNAL day, wherein the morning weeps,
Cold, clammy dew spattering on fallen leaves,
So for the vanished summer nature grieves,
The garden paths are carpeted with heaps
Of sodden vegetation, but the flowers
Of Autumn boldly bloom amid the groves,
Oblivious that insidious winter roves
In nipping frost around the shuddering bowers.
Crimson of maple, brown gold of the oak,
Chestnut and silver birch and sycamore,
Have their spent honours o'er the pathway shook,
Rowan and hawthorn hang vermilion store,
While fearlessly autumnal daisies look,
Defying frost or drenching rain's downpour.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

October

THE blue haze of the morning how divine,
In the autumnal epoch of the year,
When the hedgerow trees are golden brown and sere,
While those upon the far horizon line
In mystic veil of purple mystery shine !
The sun from mountain cloud-wrack rises clear,
And th' sprightly robin's little lay we hear,
While th' fresh, sweet air cheers like the ruby wine.

How bright the sparkle of day's golden eye !
How bright the radiance from heaven's infinite blue !
How mellow warm the luminous shadows lie !
How radiant in iridescent hue !
But a shuddering sense of winter's shadow nigh
Doth thought with apprehension vague pursue.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

October 2, 1908

How picturesque the oak-tree's burnished pride
Of branch and leaf in bright autumnal day,
In bronze and gold and acorn's green array,
Chequering the bravery of the warm woodside,
Those leaves in splendid panoply are dyed
(The red and yellow of the linden gay),
While the larch's feathery leaves have ceased to play
On th' wanton wind. Majestically wide,
The elm and sycamore extend their arms,
And shed their mellow leaves' broad boughs beneath.
Autumn, though sad, hath consecrated charms
In its myriad tones and fragrant, honied breath.
The fervent sunshine still the coppice warms,
And binds round autumn's brow a festal wreath.

AUTUMN

A MISTY MORNING

October 4, 1908

MAGNIFICENCE of morning mist enwreathed,
Translucent in the sun's ascent light,
Quelled by his rays omnipotently bright,
Billowing with beauty o'er the white fields breathed,
The ghostly trees in silvery mantle sheathed
Of diamond brilliance glitteringly white,
In majesty of mystery to sight,
Is a spectacle to memory bequeathed.

Though transient, on its beauteous skirts divine,
With lingering love we cling, while the phantom trees
Slowly from out the melting vapour shine,
In transformations' swift change mysteries,
While the mist curls up on th' dim horizon's line,
In spectacle which eye and spirit please.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

October 5, 1908

THERE is a tremor of the withering leaves,
Not of the joyous nature of the spring,
Accompanied by linnets' warbling,
But a wail for which the vanished summer grieves,
While autumn from her fading splendours weaves
A tributary mourning offering :
Before her sad symbolic shrine to fling,
Of perished blossoms which her urn receives.

How beautiful the soft transition made
From th' glorious crown and zenith of the year
To th' Aphelion of dark winter's shade !
Nor summer's grace and witchery linger here
In withering flowers, in fading leaves arrayed,
Sweet in decay though fading fast and sere.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

October 7, 1908

AUTUMN walks forth in summer's verdure clad,
And while its fruits rain on the cumbered path ;
The lordly oak full pomp of glory hath,
The rose once more in blossom is arrayed,
And chrysanthemum makes all the garden glad ;
And though the sun procrastinates its rise,
A summer radiance floods the eastern skies,
And permeates with glow the woodland glade,
Where the verdant foliage lingers on the trees,
Where the accentor and the robin sing,
Dreadless of winter's infelicities,
And finches flash abroad on jewelled wing,
The bees to hive their honied gleanings bring,
And butterflies flit on th' enamoured breeze.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

October 8, 1908

AUTUMNAL mists, autumnal fogs prevail,
With foretaste of dull winter on them borne.
Gone is the sunny glamour of the morn,
And its hooded beams shine forth with glances pale,
The drenching dews linger on hill and dale,
The pallid leaves from th' sycamore are torn
By the zephyr's breath and th' lingering leaves forlorn,
Weep on the pathway showers like wintry hail.

Th' enduring ash still waves its honours high,
And smiles at wind, and fog, and creeping cold,
Though the chestnut's leaves in dreary ruin lie,
While heath and gorse illuminate the wold.
A thousand portents tell of winter nigh,
Which from cold Arctic house are threatening rolled.

AUTUMN

A COLD BRIGHT SUNRISE

November

THE august sun, dilated, large, and red,
O'erleaps the cloudy barrier of the morn,
By the year's declension upon winter shorn
Of half his beams. The lingering night hath fled,
When Aurora, laughing, leaps from Tithon's bed.
Lance-like the wind, and bracing cold the air,
To the mountain heights exultant we repair,
With the bracing ichor of the morning fed.

Or to expatiate in the vale, though less
Inspiring, is a joyous exercise.
The cold, crisp airs breathe health and happiness,
The brightly radiant cerulean skies
Bend with their benediction of sweet peace,
And make of earth a new fair paradise.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

SWIFTLY CHANGING SUNRISE

November

How beauteous is autumnal dawn when th' East
With quickening light preludes the great orb's rise,
And myriad changing tints traverse the skies,
Of colour to the eye a glorious feast.
From gulfs of cumulus cloud dawn's light, increased,
Shoots to the zenith shafted radiance,
Evanishing before the orb's advance,
Till from his presence the bright vision flies.

But those envious clouds obscure his face benign,
And plunge in semi-darkness once again.
The momentary splendours cease to shine,
And from heaven's steel-grey vault descends the rain.
In one short moment, lo, the swift decline
From autumn blessedness to wintry bane.

AUTUMN

FOG

November

NOVEMBER'S grisly shadow looms before
Winter's grim advent; weltering fog descends,
Whose dark opacity no sunrise rends,
And nature shudders to its sorrow's core;
The phantom trees weep from each dripping pore;
The sky with earth in visible union blends.
The traveller who familiar journey wends,
To read the well-known land-marks puzzles sore.

The robin lisps not its unstudied lay,
But brooding sits mute and disconsolate,
Or apathetic flits from spray to spray.
Stern winter, like inexorable fate,
Approaches in the ever-lessening day,
And autumn doffs its robes of pomp and state.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

November

LIKE snow the whirling leaves fall flickering down,
Like snow they fill the hollows of the ground,
Drifts in the furrows of the fields are found,
And of the oak is gone its glorious crown,
The maple's and the chestnut's honours brown,
And red and gold carpet the cumbered walks,
And o'er the plain winter's cloaked spectre stalks.
The sun's orb through the mist beams large and round,
Like the shield of Thetis' son, by Vulcan wrought,
Like the shield of Michael, like Minerva's orb,
Till his warm beams slowly the mists absorb,
Or they are in heaven's cloudy mantle caught,
And quenched till midnight darkness cloaks the day,
And th' empyreal sun is shorn of his warm ray.

AUTUMN

SUNRISE

November

AUTUMNAL sunrise—the dilated orb,
Of day a moment flashes on the sight
With large effulgency of splendour bright,
A moment more—dun clouds his beams absorb,
And the tempered gloom of twilight swift returns,
Reposeful sadness o'er the spirit creeps,
And inwardly the soul regretful weeps,
And o'er the joys of vanished summer mourns.

A sadness near akin to tranquil joy,
Attuned to gloom of morning, and the year
Decayful with prophetic worse alloy
Evokes the sigh, th' involuntary tear.
Nature creates, and Nature doth destroy;
She forms a rose and casts from heaven a sphere.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

A FINE MORNING

November

EXUBERANT morning dawns. Awake, my soul;
Sing in decay the beauty of the hour;
Though winter in the bare trees sternly lower,
And th' orb deflected from th' ecliptic roll,
And swerve eccentric to the Arctic pole
Warm sunshine still doth visit brae and bower,
And cheers all hearts from day's meridian tower,
And we drink the brimming wine from Nature's bowl.
What though the breeze strews wide the falling leaves?
What though full oft dark clouds heaven's concave drape?
For summer's wane this morn one scarcely grieves.
When to the fields from care and toil w' escape,
Nature bestows rich boons while she bereaves;
Quenches the sunshine but confers the grape.

AUTUMN

A MISTY MORNING

November

WINTRY autumnal morn. Lo ! the white fields,
Are robed in hoar-frost, glistening 'neath the sun,
Who hath in cloudless majesty begun
His radiant journey, and before him yields
The screen of vapour which the horizon shields.
The fringe of trees glows in the opal light,
The wreaths of mist melting away to sight,
When the morn has but a few bright moments run.

The last bright umber leaves have left the trees,
The holly and the hawthorn berries shine,
The roving eye autumn and winter sees,
And the buoyant air exhilarates like wine ;
There's a lingering fragrance in th' autumnal breeze,
Like the memoried odours of Norwegian pine.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

November 21

At dark December's threshold we are found,
Rejoicing in autumnal beauty bright,
In sunshine and in day-illumined light,
And airs which still waft subtle odours round,
Though the trees no longer with bright leaves are crowned.

In present bliss dull winter's withering blight,
Approaching in his grisly terrors dight,
Dismays not, while the whisp'ring breezes sound.

Yet on the winter creeps with stealthy tread.
A sting of frost is in the caller air,
Oft o'er the sky storm-clouds are wildly led,
And th' Aurora of the North shines glorious there,
Autumn the fair with winter stern is wed ;
Beauty and strength fit union declare.

AUTUMN

FIRST HOAR-FROST

November

THE moon at full her cabalistic sway
Exerts, and sheds hoar crystals on the night,
Enveloping the fields in mantle white,
What time the sun peeps with diminished ray,
Above th' horizon, cloudy, dim, and grey.
A misty panoply envelopes all
As with a mystic, universal pall,
Which steals the lustre from the assentient day.

Now the hardy ash-leaves droop upon the bough,
The oak-tree sheds its gold-bright coronal,
The dahlias in the garden sicken now,
And th' last pale rose withers upon the wall;
But chrysanthemum the garden doth endow,
Nor do its blossoms brave in autumn fall.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

November

IN calm and cool November sink the fires
Of autumn to a passionless eclipse,
Incipient frost the woodland's glories strips,
And its brave wealth of leafage disattires,
And the garden's rubbish-corner heaps its pyres,
From whence a fragrant smoke of sacrifice
Doth to the manes of dead autumn rise,
While winds intone " Il Pensoroso " lyres.

But as some joy in melancholy dwells,
So hope and peace survive o'er life's decay,
And the soul with hallowed, heaven-born rapture swells,
When life in autumn's pallor fades away :
For the oracle of God convincing tells
Of life beyond in an eternal day.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

November

NOVEMBER magnifies its old regime,
And King Fog rules triumphantly the hour.
The sun, shorn of his semi-tropic power,
Quenches his cold and ineffectual beam,
Till mornings dark akin to midnights seem ;
The heavens with melancholy blackness lower,
The trees on ground crystallisations shower,
And the earth appears a visionary dream :
Terrors and muffled dangers stalk around,
Loom on the sight and phantom-like recede,
Grateful if tinkling bells their warning sound,
Caution alert wakes up their note to heed ;
The mountains dwindle to a sorry mound,
Divergent paths on error's mazes lead.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

CHANGEABLE WEATHER—THREE MORNINGS

November 15, 16, and 17

It was a summer sun-bright golden day
From glorious rising to the set of sun,
A day from winter's grasp potential won,
And the night was sanctified by Luna's ray.
Their majesty and beauty pass away,
Next morning dawns beneath a winter's blight,
Dark almost as a moonless, starless night,
Shrouded in fog with fretwork on the spray.

Once more the mist is a translucent veil
Ethereal, in which the phantom trees
Are dimly visible through fog-wreaths pale,
And the little pools with brittle thin ice freeze.
Cold blows the wind, loud shouts the ruffling gale,
And the little birds have quenched their symphonies.

AUTUMN

November

HOAR-FROST has fallen, and the trees are bare;
The paths are carpeted with trophied spoil:
Winter begins to weave its sombre coil.
Silence oppresses the cold, clammy air,
And fog pervades the pallid landscape, where
But yesterday it blazed autumnal sheen
Of golden splendour. Gone the glorious green
Of summer from low plain and mountain stair.

A few forlorn leaves linger on the oak, .
Like quivering eld upon life's sorrowing verge,
The apple-trees, which 'neath their burdens broke,
Leafless and fruitless in the autumn merge
Of the efflorescent year, whose ruins choke
The walks with draff, and winter's advent urge.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

NOVEMBER MORNING

THE mighty orb of day his disk uprears,
Dilated on a bright November morn,
In majesty of golden splendour worn.
The whispering worship of the trees one hears,
Whose leafage early frost of morning sears,
And scatters it broadcast upon the breeze,
Intoning its regretful symphonies
In melancholy murmur to the ears.

The majesty of day no longer leaps,
Godlike accepting Nature's hymn of praise,
But in pavilion of dun cloud he creeps,
And passes swiftly from adoring gaze,
While clouds up-piled in heaps on frowning heaps,
Distil their misty moisture in thick haze.

AUTUMN

FIRST FROST

November 20

A SNAP of wintry cold 'mid blinding fog;
Hard road resonant to the ringing tread.
The last red garniture of leaves is shed,
And the robins in the lane our footsteps dog.
The timid thrush forgets to fly away
When we surprise him hopping on the road
With hasty steps by us familiar trod,
When we come forth at dawn of wintry day.

How brilliantly the clinging ivy gleams!
How the red-berried holly glittering shines!
Imagination in this vision seems
To dwell on autumn's sweetly brilliant signs,
On summer vanished well-remembered dreams,
While autumn's trophied draff the pathway lines.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

November

A BRIGHT autumnal morning. From the east
The sun emerges radiant and large,
Illumining the clouds' effulgent marge,
O'er which it rolls its car. A glorious feast
Of colour to the eye in wood and wold
The portals of the morning wide unfold,
More beautiful than in fair spring the trees
In bannered pomp of rich effulgence shine :
Their fading glories flicker in the breeze,
And the pathways with their littered trophies line,
Diffusing aromatic fragrances,
As of the pungent odours of the pine,
While the pearl-grey mist enwreaths the rising day,
And shrouds in mystery his lambent ray.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

November

NOVEMBER's melancholy morn in tears
Dawns on the scene attired in cloud and gloom
And chills which the last lingering leaves consume,
All save the oak, which a bright blazon wears
Of bronze and gold, and glittering fruitage bears,
As beauteous as in spring-tide's vernal hour,
While at our feet its acorns plenteous shower,
Whose crunch beneath the foot salutes our ears.

And bleak November seems to mourn the lapse
Of sunless summer and of autumn drear,
Which the dull scene in winter's robe enwraps,
And weeps the dismal failure of the year.
Yet kindly Providence in plenty drapes
Broad lands afar, and brings their fulness here.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

EARLY MORNING

November

TH' autumnal morn expanding to the ray
Of lagging sunrise wakes the dewy glade;
Aromas permeate the dappled shade,
And o'er the landscape wing their subtle way,
And round our path like fairy footsteps play;
And though the flowers are withered, incense still
Sheds piny odours over plain and hill,—
The incense of a mild autumnal day.

And though the music of the groves is mute,
The raucous cry of rooks pervades the air;
'Tis but a harsher chord in Nature's lute,
And startles silence from its dreamy lair,
And the squirrel harbours 'neath the oak's deep root,
And autumn's solemn reign all things declare.

AUTUMN

November

THE golden glory of November morn
Awakes resplendent in autumnal light,
Though on the eve of winter's hastening night,
And doth with soft effulgence day adorn,
Prelusive of the reign of fog forlorn,
When the cold mists freeze on the withering spray,
And gold red leaves upon the cold ground lay,
From the weeping trees with rustling murmur torn,
Prognostic of the time of dearth and gloom,
Procession of the seasons and of life,
Man's progress from the cradle to the tomb,
Transfused with joyance, overcast with strife,
Who dies, but th' eternal years illumine,
With buoyant joy, or pierce with sorrow's knife.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

TO A LAWN DAISY IN NOVEMBER

BELATED flow'ret on the spacious lawn,
Thou bloom'st alone in autumn's chilly day,
Attracted by the sun's still genial ray,
The frosts of night are powerless to warn,
What lesson may from thee, sweet flower, be drawn
Of courage in adversity and night,
Of cheerfulness in keen affliction's blight,
When winter seals the river, lake, and tarn !

An avalanche of perished leaves inurns
Thy frail existence in a winding-sheet ;
But still thy pale face to the sunbeam turns,
Thou liv'st rejoicing in its fading heat.
So Love to life's expiring embers burns,
And breathes forgiveness in its latest beat.

AUTUMN

FOGGY MORNING

November

AUTUMNAL thick, impenetrable fog
Obscures the morn and cloaks the landscape round,
And hides the trees on the horizon's bound ;
Thick vapour doth the respiration clog,
And footsteps on familiar path embog.

On ocean now the sirens hoarsely sound,
On land the trains from signal-shells rebound,
In th' mystery which doth waylay and dog.

So without light of Truth (God's holy Word)
In fogs of unbelief and sin we stray,
Though th' taper gleam of reason is conferred,
To the soul of man, 'tis but a feeble ray,
And often where alone its voice is heard,
In life or death proves no abiding stay.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

November 24

TH' mysterious voices of the winds convey
A solemn message in their muffled sound,
Where autumn's day-dawn is with glory crowned,
In bright magnificence of opening day,
Aurora's flaming locks in wide display.

From out that golden east the solemn wind,
Conveys the message to the thinking mind,
Of hopes and fears the burden of that ray,

Prospectively of swiftly coming glooms,
In interlude of harsh vicissitude,
But hope, like flowers of spring, immortal blooms
After the reign of winter's tempests rude,
When smiling spring on jocund breezes comes,
With happy loves and endless joys imbued.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

November 1908

THE golden panoply of autumn shines
In its effulgence on the with'ring leaves,
Which the wailing wind of the weeping trees bereaves,
And the garden o'er its vanished glories pines;
But the gushing grapes are clustering on the vines,
And now the robin musically grieves,
On misty mornings, and on dewy eves,
And the sun to autumn solstice swift declines.
Though flowers are wither'd on the garden bowers,
One boldly lifts its coronal of blooms,
Chrysanthemum illumines the waning hours,
And lights with radiance the wintry glooms,
Charmed to forgetfulness that autumn's powers
Decline when winter with dread menace comes.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

November 3, 1908

SUMMER has fled and autumn is enthron'd
In pomp of colour on the wreck of flowers,
And wintry cold invades the morning hours,
In hoar-frost white (was't summer's weird which moan'd ?)
And the lorn lanes arcadian are uncrowned
Of wealth of leaf in gold-bright shimmering dowers,
And the oak its russet avalanches showers
And severed ash-leaves carpet the dank ground ;
But the sunny day shines luminously bright,
And chases winter from the gloomy scene ;
The dazzling woods with glory are alight,
In beauty fairer than spring's radiant green,
Though winter creeps upon the freezing night,
Where gracious autumn scarce doth intervene.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

November 15, 1908

DREAR are November days, partaking both
Of autumn and stern winter in their gloom,
Where in swift changes fog and sunshine come,
Or tempest winds howl in their unchained wrath.
The woodland trees have doffed their livery bright:
The gardens lorn and flowerless meet the gaze;
Only the robin its thin cornet plays,
And th' cloudy day is an eclipse of light.

The sun in Libra's house full long abides,
Quenching his rays in baths of fog and rain,
And th' barque on ocean's perilous billow rides,
And battles with the tempest oft in vain.
To winter's house lamenting autumn glides,
And bleak sterility rules land and main.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE HERITAGE OF THE POOR

THE proud inheritance of the earth is ours,
And the heritage of mind on all bestowed,
And intellect, that link divine with God.
To every eye belong the trees and flowers,
On landscapes wide or in the garden bowers.
So poortith rich inheritance hath owed
Of gifts diverse on gratitude a load,
Though naught of earthly riches be his dowers.

The Psalmist shepherd and the ploughman Burns
Attuned their psalms and songs in grateful joy,
Though one confronts a foe where'er he turns,
And the other sings in poverty's alloy;
And the sightless blind o'er music's solace yearns,
Or builds a stately ode of Heaven or Troy.

AUTUMN

SIX O'CLOCK

'Tis six o'clock. Winter or summer morn,
The workman wends to his allotted toil,
Of mill or bench the unremitting moil;
Or if to less laborious fortune born,
And he wields the stylus from the grey goose torn,
Or in the halls of Plutus counts the gold,
In ebb and flow of tidal rivers rolled,
Or if he ploughs the land and sows the corn,
Or reaps the harvest from the dawn of day,
Till dark, he labours for the bread he eats,
And nathless all, is light of heart and gay.

More sad his lot who walks the dreary streets,
Seeking for work his hunger to allay,
When labour none or its rewards he meets.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

FLOWER-BEDS IN A GRAVEYARD

How beautiful in the garden of the dead
On the graves of those we love to plant sweet flowers,
A speaking sign that, though the grave devours
Our loved and lost, lessons to us are read,
In life and loveliness, by which we're led,
To hope and trust that a life beyond the tomb
Doth to our fainting souls convincing come
By flowers' perennial bloom interpreted.

Though 'neath that swelling mound and flowering sod
Moulder the ashes once instinct with life,
That life itself—that soul—has gone to God,
Emancipated from earth's pain and strife,
In that gift * the purchase of th' atoning blood
Of Christ, with heavenly consolation rife.

* "The gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. vi. 23.)

AUTUMN

SUNDAY MORNING

SWEET is the morn, of days the joy and pride,
First of the week, hallowed and beautiful.
Joy fills the soul though skies be grey and dull,
For the sound of Sabbath bells re-echoes wide,
Our steps to hallowed halls of prayer to guide.
The soul, emancipated there from thrall
Of earthly cares doth in devotion fall,
Or hymns God's praise in psalmody's pure tide.

The exhortation as devoutly heard,
The solemn benediction lastly given,
The faithful soul to high resolve is stirred,
Rejoicing in the light and grace of Heaven;
Fetters of sin by God's good Spirit riven,
In the immortal hope to faith conferred.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

NIGHT. A NEW MOON

THE moon is up, 'tis an autumnal night,
Her slender shallop sails amid the clouds,
With which and mystery her light she shrouds.
Darkness retreats not from her phantom light.
Her form now seen, now hidden from the sight,
Gleaming and glooming in a sky opaque
Through which no star-gleams scintillating break,
Is with supernal iridescence dight.
A darkness visible pervades the scene,
The wind moans wistfully the garden round,
Magician Nature waves her magic wand,
A silver radiance steals o'er the land,
The clouds have sped, and Luna's ray serene
Diffuses splendour o'er the blue profound.

AUTUMN

IMAGINATION AND FANCY

IMAGINATION builds its mighty tomes,
Majestic as St. Peter's august fane:
So tower the works of genius from the plain,
So "Il Purgatorio" mountainous looms,
So Heaven-inspired, a glorious Milton comes,—
In all th' eternal ages only one,—
As God calls from the void one only sun,
O'er an adoring world in light to reign.

While Fancy, like those twinkling stars of night,
In coruscations multiple obtain,
Puck and Titania minister delight,
And Una haunts the chambers of the brain,
Shelley and Tennyson excelling bright,
High priests of fancy, in all memories reign.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

UN MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE

WHEN waiting for the forceps, or when bound,
In view of the uplifted glittering steel,
The dread of pain is more than that we feel.

That pause when armies wait upon the ground
Of battle for the trumpets' awful sound
Hath pangs more piercing than of wounds or death,
And that brief moment of a strangled breath
Hath less of anguish than in waiting found.
So death itself, when suff'ring racks the frame,
On the eve of dissolution gives less pain
Than the weeks, days, moments, sufferings which proclaim
That bourne in sight of infinite loss or gain,
When hope unquenchable doth quench its flame,
And the burden and remorse of sin remain.

AUTUMN

THE FORGET-ME-NOT

"FORGET-ME-NOT," of turquoise blue thine eye,
Adorable flow'ret of the river-side,
And with what precious memories allied,
Of love immutable in thee which lie!

Those memoried walks, that weeping last good-bye,
When on the path of peril I set out,
Of every fortune but her love in doubt,
Who wept to see me on long voyage hie.

Hope there illuminates the dreary way,
Wearily seeking for the golden ore,
Whene'er thy withered petals I survey,
Or count my painfully increasing store,
Hope still looks forward to the hastening day,
When thine eyes of blue allure to home once more.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE ROBIN

ROBIN, sole singer in the solemn fall,
Soft melancholy marks thy plaintive lay,
When the lark hilarious and the throstle gay,
Have long been silent and the rail's shrill call,
Or owl doth with its weird refrain appal,
Thou dost with thy thin pipe in solo play
At dawn and evening of the lessening day,
When thou waitest for thy breakfast on the wall
Of kitchen garden, or of myrtle bower,
Where crumbs are scattered for thee on the sward,
Thy pretty songs to us a rich reward,
With a troop of hungry sparrows near who cower,—
Enough for all at breakfast's joyous hour,—
That feast in amicable concord shared.

AUTUMN

CINQUEFOIL—FIVE-LEAFED GRASS

STAR of the hedgerow, beauteous wayside gem,
Cinquefoil, or "five-leaved grass," prosaic named,
Through England's floral length and breadth thou'rt famed.
Only inferior to that diadem,
Gowan or daisy, theme of poet's dream,
From Chaucer to proud Scotia's latest born,
Whose memoried brows the laurel wreath adorn;
But though to me in reverent esteem
That flower supreme be loved above all flowers,
The golden cinquefoil stirs me with delight,
Gemming with amaranth wild Nature's bowers,
Of hedgerow flowers most beautiful, most bright;
Thee Nature with her choicest gifts endowers,
Gladdening at every step the wanderer's sight.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

HAPPY ENGLAND

O HAPPY England, in sweet summer time,
Emblem and haven of fair peace profound,
Thy sunny plains are an enchanted ground,
And fairest in the world thy radiant clime,
Where war's dread tocsin never more may chime,
Impregnable in iron ramparts bound,
And bulwarks on the ocean which surround
Her other boundless empire maritime.

Though Asian plains are deluged o'er with blood,
Where freedom is with despotism at strife,
She peaceful centuries immune hath stood,
Our England with the gains of commerce rife,
A new creation where is only good,
An arena consecrate to "th' higher life."

AUTUMN

A CANZONET

Evening

IN the beautiful glow of a glad autumn eve,
When the sun has descended in radiance bright,
And the west is an ocean of opulent light,
A trail of soft splendour the sun's wake doth leave.

While the moon's budding quarter from the East sails aloft,
Growing brighter from dark clouds enrobing her round,
Shedding radiance and dew on the slumbering ground,
When th' diaphanous mantle of day has been doffed,

The green trees loom dark on the radiant scroll,
The swallows flit silently by on the wing,
O'er a sky and o'er trees where no song-bird doth sing,
And the great silent globe on its axis doth roll.

Unsleeping it sleeps to the sense and the mind,
Day is gone, night enfolds it in wings of repose,
And the petals of flowers in the gay garden close,
And hushed, calm, and still is day's boisterous wind.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

HONEYSUCKLE

THE wild rose and the Mayflower crown the hedge
For but a fleeting time in flowering June,
And their tender blossoms fall, alas! too soon,
And flutter snowlike down upon the sedge;
But the honeysuckle in the hedgerow smiles,
And blooms and scatters fragrance on the breeze
Long as their bannered foliage decks the trees,
And from dull thought the pensive soul beguiles.

Pondering on th' fragility of joy,
And beauty and love's swiftly withering rose,
Thy smile, thy fragrance do the soul upbuoy.
Love lost, we all life's sweetness do not lose,
Friendship and woodbine blossom to the close
Of life and autumn oft without alloy.

AUTUMN

THE DEWS OF AUTUMN

THE dews of autumn, at the peep of day,
How beauteous their sparkle on the grass,
When through the fields at early morn I pass
While the robin sings its merry roundelay,
And my heart in glow of morn feels glad and gay!
Or when my glistening lawn I joyous pace,
Immersed in dew, what wondrous charm and grace
The flowers on every petal bright display!

It hangs upon the quivering petals fair,
And fills each calyx glittering in the light,
And cunningly distils sweet honey there,
And is a feast of beauty to the sight,
And doth intoxicate the amorous air
With fragrance poured from th' crucible of night.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN

Sunflower and hollyhock and dahlias shed
Their lustres o'er the garden in the hall,
Though roses deck no more the garden wall,
While phlox and asters bloom on bower and bed,
And clematis lifts high its regal head,
No bird-song to the listening ear doth call
Except the robin's trill ecstatical,
While swallows wing their silent flight o'erhead.

And while bright calceolarias droop and die,
While pears their ripening clusters wave aloft
Bordering nasturtiums autumn's chills defy,
And though the trees no foliage have doffed,
Cool breezes through their bronzing vistas sigh,
And winds no longer breathe in whispers soft.

AUTUMN

THE SKIN

THE cuticle, the epidermis, skin,
How varied is its texture in the scale
Of being! Lo, the mail-clad elephant,
Rhinoceros, hippo, and crocodile,
Away up to the delicately fine
Clothing of beauty's form, where numbers fail,
Or art its satin loveliness to paint ;
Beauty which doth the saints and gods beguile.

That form "when unadorned adorned the most,"
Is but the vesture of more beauteous mind,
For which proud thrones and empires have been lost,
In passion's equinoctial tempest wind;
But love in Beauty's blended charm doth find
Unfading happiness's pride and boast.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE PIMPERNEL

Dear flow'ret of the corn-field, hail to thee!
When summer's fires flame from solstitial sky,
Ere yet the reaper doth his sickle ply,
Thou light'st the fields with thy serenity.

How time rolls back when thy red blooms I see,
Where thou dost 'neath the corn and poppy lie,
Of sunshine and of day the tender eye,
As thou wast wont in youth to smile on me!

And when I wander in remotest fields,
Antipodean or Eastern flowery lands,
What joy thy presence in strange climates yields!
What homage from my spirit there commands!
But here or there thy dainty sweetness wields
A glamour where the swaying wheat-field stands.

AUTUMN

THE LAURISTINUS

HAIL, Lauristinus! beauteous plant, all hail!
Burgeoning evergreen in garden bower.
In winter how benign thy gracious power,
Defying cold, ice, hurricane, and gale,
Clad in thy green, impenetrable mail!
Eke in the spring-time blossoming with flower,
When grey skies over wildernesses lower,
Redundant in thy tinted whiteness pale.

Emblem art thou of friendship's constancy,
In th' adversity of wintry sorrow's time,
As in prosperity unfailingly
True and infallible in either clime.
My tribute, Lauristinus, is to thee,
And friendship's emblematic theme sublime.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

SUMMER AND AUTUMN IN SIGHS AND TEARS

THE melancholy wind of autumn blows
In mournful cadence through the whispering trees,
Harping in minor key their symphonies,
And thought in sympathetic concord flows,
Regretful glance on vanished summer throws ;
The withering flower, the ripening fruit portend,
How glorious summer and rich autumn blend,
While in their soft somnolent scenes we doze,
Awakened by shrill autumn's howling blast,
In its forecast of winter's chilly wind,
We on the hastening years to life's close haste,
Till in eternity its goal we find,
Where ever present "now" of bliss we taste,
And with amaranth our spirit brows we bind.

AUTUMN

DIGITALIS PURPUREA—FOXGLOVE

THE woods, the hills, the bosky dales, the glens,
The dry and barren places of the earth,
Rejoice and glory in thy floral worth,
Queen of the moors, theme of all poet's pens :
When the primrose has long withered and decayed,
Before the purple heath adorns the hill,
Thou dost with beauty all waste places fill,
And lightest up the midnight forest glade.

The cultivated groves, the garden walks
Rejoice in thy accession to their beds ;
Thou with thy regal, flower-emblazoned stalks,
Like rustic belle with fashion's votaries weds,
The bee sips honey from thy chalice fair,
And the physician finds a medicine there.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

WEEDS

THE buxom weeds, how bounteous they grow,
O'er the fair garden's cultured spaces wide,
Bright gems of floral loveliness beside :
On both the gardener doth his care bestow,
One to eradicate from ground, and throw
Away on rubbish heap a growing pyre
Devoting to a sacrificial fire,
So th' emancipated flowers more generous blow.

Bindweed, luxuriant convolvoli,
Stifle the flowers, currant and raspberry-vines ;
Chickweed and trefoil still refuse to die,
And dandelion o'er the green lawn shines.
Vainly the gardener doth his knife apply ;
To perish it still stubbornly declines.

AUTUMN

SUNSET

Yon western cloud—its silver lining turned,
Dazzles beholders of departing day,
A moment's vision and 'tis passed away,
Only a blackness where the splendour burned :
So o'er dull care when spirit darkly mourned,
Sometimes a ray of light translucent gleamed,
And rays as from the throne of jasper streamed,
Or so the blest o'er mortal sorrows mourned.

In that portentous cloud from whence has fled
The silvery transfiguration's sheen,
The fleeting joys of life, its woes are read,
Portrayed as on a transformation scene ;
But yet that gleam may be interpreted,
Of holy heaven, whose glories earth doth screen.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

WEATHER SIGNS

I RISE rejoicing in the rosy morn,
And scan the heavens for portents written there.
I bare my brow to the prophetic air,
And spell th' oracular syllables which warn,
By rain-clouds on the winds tumultuous borne,
Of rain, so armour don from head to feet ;
Or white sibylline clouds, portents of heat,
Their messages of happy augury bear :
The shepherd or the husbandman afield,
Translates the myriad signs of heaven and earth ;
To him the secrets of the skies, revealed,
Of meteorologic science show the birth,
Even as those of learned savants yield,
Forecasts, when weighed, of scarce superior worth.

AUTUMN

FLOWER L'IMMORTELLE

L'IMMORTELLE, thou flower of fadeless bloom,
White with the purity of angel's wings,
Vocal with beatific whisperings,
Thou whisperest of a land beyond the tomb,
Of holy immortality to come,
Of spotless purity, Christ's, not mine own,
Of His who did for sinners lost atone,
Of a heaven for ransomed sinners which hath room.

As flower thou in thy purity dost stand,
And in white chastity dost spotless grow,
And to the wise a fair ensample show
Of virtue, armed against temptation, and
Of fadeless beauty in a dying land,
Of goodness radiating heaven below.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

MOURNING HATCHMENTS

WHY are death's solemn hatchments all of woe ?
Why should no silver lining e'er gleam forth ?
What are the hopes and joys immortal worth ?
Sorrow and loss to us on earth e'en though,
And to the lingerers here, severe the blow.

As winter passes and spring glads the earth,
As day effulgent follows darksome night,
So on death's midnight dawns a morn of light.

Then let the hatchments still express thy grief,
For th' loved though not the lost, but gone before,
But mingle them with silvern white relief,
Expressing hopes which shall our loved restore,
When ended life's probation sore and brief,
And gained that far Elysian halcyon shore.

AUTUMN

THE PANOPLY OF WAR

THE panoply of war in times of old,
How fascinating to the mind and gaze,
Of history and song the glorious praise!
The armoured knight, courageous, tall, and bold,
The hosts o'er which the banners proud unfold,
The hauberk, morion, helmet, lance to raise,
When trumpet-call to furious battle plays,
The foe transfixed and from great charger rolled.

Now cohorts numberless of troops engage,
With deadly armaments of guns precise,
Appalling slaughter marks the battle's rage,
And myriads fall a ghastly sacrifice:
Such is the hist'ry of each blood-writ page,
Such of ambition the amazing price.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

LONG AGO

'Tis long ago since heaven and earth were framed,
And stars were sprinkled o'er the vaults of night,
And since yon sun began its reign of light.
'Tis long ago since this fair land was named
"Old England" in that good old epoch famed,
With poesy and heroism bright,
When a Howard put th' Armada's ships to flight,
When th' signal "Duty" at Trafalgar flamed.

'Tis long ago since the martyrdom supreme
Was consummated on th' accursed tree,
Since Eden's loss the prophets' glorious theme,
The sacrifice lost mankind to redeem,
And still its sacrificial potency
Is of God's grace and power the mystery.

AUTUMN

THE VIRGINIA CREEPER

How that Virginia Creeper on the wall
Flames its bright crimson to rejoicing sight !
How it reflects the sunshine and the light,
And doth in autumn for thanksgiving call !
'Tis but one drop from Nature's bounteous all.

The fleecy clouds still shine in pearly white,
The gardens in autumnal flowers are dight,
And winter's shadow fails the soul t' appal.

And though Chrysanthemum is all alone,
Where late the gardens bloomed with wealth of flowers,
There's beauty still for loss which doth atone,
There's compensation for day's lessening hours ;
And even winter, with its solemn moan,
In festival its jocund pleasures showers.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

BALM

THOUGH autumn holds the passing year in fee,
There is a sweetness in the scented wind,
In the fallen leaves an orient balm we find,
And beauty lingering clings to flower and tree.
Who can express the sweet felicity,
In the thousand mingled fragrances refined,
Addressed to feeling heart and thoughtful mind,
In that syllable of mystic alchemy?

As wine to life's exhausted powers, it cheers,
And through the breathing organism bestows
New buoyant health, till age forgets its years,
And th' hoary head thinks lightly of its snows,
Till the soul, nor death nor winter's spectre fears,
In balm which on the wind miraculous blows.

AUTUMN

NATURE, THE SPHYNX

As the Sphynx looks stonily upon the waste,
While the centuries of war and pestilence pass,
Nor changes she her enigmatic face,
As dynasties rise, flourish, and decay,
Where the Pharaohs lived, and reigned, and passed away ;
Viewed Israel's host from Memphis hurried haste,
And Egypt's chivalry pursuing gay,
Or Antony by Cæsar's arm abased :

So Nature looks indifferent on the crime,
The bloodshed, and the slaughter of to-day ;
Still vain ambition doth through bloodshed climb,
While emperors the game of conquest play,
The swift-winged hours from tower and temple chime,
While empires flourish, fade, and pass away.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

How glorious to Alexief the bold,
In triumph's forecast marching to the war,
When bright-eyed Fame stood beckoning from afar,
And the bannered cohorts on his footsteps rolled !

How sad the tale impartial history told,
Of his return in sorrow and o'erthrow,
And the signal triumph of the puny foe,
While his legions numberless lie dead and cold :

So the conqueror of Europe, long ago,
Saw all his triumphs wither in a day,
The conqueror was conquered by the snow,
And his legions dead at Beresina lay ;
Or when once more he fell beneath the blow
Of Fate on Belgia's plain and passed away.

AUTUMN

THE CELANDINE

HAIL, Celandine! beautiful hedgerow flower,
Herald of th' swallow's advent and of spring,
And of the skylark's first gay carolling.
Beneath the flowering May thou lovest to cower,
And on the moorland dost thy blessings shower,
When thou scatterest golden blossoms on the field,
In them is joy and hope and trust revealed :
Joy in spring's bloom and summer's ardent power.

Hope of the autumn's less prolific reign,
Love for all beauty typified in thee,
For still thou beautifiest field and lane,
Until the swallow seeks th' Arabian sea.
Thou art the theme of song, and not in vain
Thou blossomest broadcast upon the lea.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

CARMEN SYLVA

HAIL, Carmen Sylva! List thy wood-notes wild,
Linnet recluse, sweet songstress of the glade.
Like thee, retiring is that Royal Maid,
Delighting in the unambitious shade,
Nature's and Poesy's adopted child.
Thy prose is in the glorious sheen arrayed,
Of fancy on imagination stayed,
Like his of Avon's measures undefiled.

Poesy is incarnated in thee,
Sylva, and doth outlast thy crown and throne,
Godlike imagination's light we see,
Bright as the blaze Olympus' height doth own,
Where Godhead sits enthroned in mystery,
And flames of heaven's celestial glory crown.

AUTUMN

BANNERS

BANNERS! how brave and bellicose the sound,
'Mid blare of trumpets and the pomp of war,
When belligerent hosts the shock of battle dare,
Bellowing pæans o'er the victor's ground,
And o'er the vanquished sorrow's wail profound;

In the Valhalla of Old England's braves,
Fluttering above their monumental graves,
Are tattered trophies blazoning around.

These silently record their glorious deeds.
A Havelock, a Laurence, Elliot there,
The fervour of heroic ardour feeds
Him who that torn emblazon thoughtful reads,
And doth him to proud emulation dare
To whom heroically that banner pleads.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

ONE

TH' Almighty Great Supreme First Cause is One,
Saturn, Jove, Jupiter, Brahma, or God,
Worshipped by all, donor of every good,
One is his reigning viceroy the Sun,
One earth around that orb doth nobly run,
One moon hath its effulgent course pursued,
Since time began, one heaven o'er earth doth brood,
One orbit earth will trace till time be done :

One man's transgression wrought earth's lasting woe.
One Saviour came, one lost world to redeem,
And every one must to that Saviour go,
Repentant casting all his guilt on Him :
One heaven, one blest eternity to know,
When th' sun shall fade and stars grow pale and dim.

AUTUMN

THE BRAMBLE

BRAMBLE, thou vine of English hedgerows, hail !
An ornament in spring and summer-time,
Amid the wild rose and the May dost climb,
And scatterest everywhere thy blossoms pale,
Beauteous where beauty widely doth prevail ;
But most alluring in the bending load
Of luscious fruit on every common road
Abounding, and on hedgerow, moor, and dale :
Inspiring song and grosser sense to please,
Spreadest a table in the wilderness,
And th' outcast vagrant 'neath the sheltering trees
May feast, and Nature's gracious bounty bless :
While the romping children thy black berries seize,
And the sweet fruit to mouth wide open press.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

FREEHOLD

MAGNATES of opulent earth, who hold in fee
Estates, domains, and territories wide,
To long eternity their joy and pride,
Dying, their heirs they clustering round them see,
And in them long succession yet to be :

How proud that princely castle on the steep !
How fair those mansions in the valley sleep !
How great and lasting the felicity
Of Fortunatus—prince, or duke, or earl,
Or plutocrat of millionaire renown !
But quite as happy yeoman poor or churl,
Whose little cot is all he calls his own ; —
His freehold, perhaps, which ivy-green doth crown,
From whose possession kings may not him hurl.

AUTUMN

ALONE

ALONE upon that desert isle he stands,
Dominion undisputed therein sways,
A monarch's rôle o'er all creation plays,
Though but a desert islet he commands.

That orphan maiden in the city vast,
Is lone and solitary 'mid a crowd,
Her mute appeal unheard o'er traffic loud,—
Unseen that unit 'mid the peopled waste.

That youth adventurous from far-off field,
A sanguine votary at Fortune's shrine,
Appalling loneliness to him revealed,
O'er fickle Fortune's frowns he doth repine.

At the Judgment Day, when the doom of all is sealed,
That judgment, fellow-man, is mine, is thine.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

EMPIRE AND MONEY

THE throne of England is th' embodiment
Of power imperial o'er lands and seas,
The arbiter of empires' destinies.
The isles are with red revolutions rent,
And blood and life and gold for power are spent,
The continents with anarchy are rife,
And despots tremble for their menaced life ;
But the Briton is in freedom's rule content.

Equal almost to kings' and emperors' power,
Is that the august Bank of England wields,
With the hoarded wealth the nations on it shower,
Empires and principalities it builds,
A hundred commonwealths it doth endower,
Empire coeval with the wide world shields.

AUTUMN

THE NIGHTINGALE

DAY hath its minstrels in the lark and thrush,
And myriad variants of note and name,
Of which a thousand bards have sung the fame,
Concerts of song thrill every tree and bush ;
But in the calm serenity and hush
Of night, and 'neath the light of glittering stars,
Oft bursts upon the silence unawares,
Soft melody our rapt regards to claim.

It is the nightingale, O name of bliss !
O melody unequalled to the ear !
Surely the song of angel voices this,
The song of songs to vigil watchers dear :
Sweet is the morning concert of the grove,
But eve and the nightingale's soft lay we love.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

NIGHT

THE splendour and the glamour of the day,
Its beauty in fair Nature's radiance bright,
(Chief in that mighty orb's translucent light),
And vital heat doth majesty display,
Enfeebling every high poetic lay,
In epic, ode, or hymn sublime.

But night
Hath its own glories to adoring sight,
In moon and starry world's orbital way.

It needs not optic glass of Ross or him,
The Florentinian sage, the power to see,
Wisdom, and majesty, and mystery,
Which do from myriad suns and systems gleam
To th' untaught shepherd swain on grassy lea,
Who doth on heaven's eternal glories dream.

AUTUMN

DAY

It is the empyr and reign of light,
God present in the sun's immaculate rays,
All nature hymning His eternal praise,
Adoring all the goodness of His might,
That august throne, so radiantly bright,
Of which the prophet spake when he beheld
The visioned glories of high Heaven revealed :
For there is day eternal without night.

But this our beautiful terrestrial clime
(Its purple dawns and rosy evenings fair),
This mètèd day of illuminated time,
In its imperial splendour doth declare
The Father's majesty in matin chime,
Transfiguring with splendour earth and air.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

SUNDAY MORNING DRIVES

ON autumn's brightly sunny morn to stray
Along suburban pathways oh how sweet!
There the loud roystering sons of toil to meet,
On foot or on the crowded brake so gay,
In th' woods and fields to spend their holiday.
To th' philosophic mind how pure the bliss,
To them no coarser joy compares to this,—
'Tis bliss which long in memory doth stay.

At bench and loom its influence abides,
It casts a halo o'er the daily task,
In daydreams he through sunny landscapes rides,
In fields of opulent verdancy to bask,
Or down the placid river slowly glides—
What health-sustaining joy like this, I ask?

AUTUMN

AUTUMNAL TEMPEST

ON autumn's placid calm winter's rough blast
Descends in typhoon and tempestuous ire,
While still the woods flame with autumnal fire,
And sodden leaves are to the pathway cast,
And noble boughs torn off in ruin vast
Reveal at dawn the force of winter's wind
In the stripped trees on troubled sky outlined,
And th' glorious landscape made a howling waste.

Again, at night the stars are blotted out,
Or twinkle faintly through the driven clouds;
The winds rave weirdly the old house about,
Funereal darkness the dull scene enshrouds;
And shrieking ghosts seem in the gale to shout,
Or warlocks flit in terrifying crowds.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE PURPLE COMFREY

HERB of Saturnus, not alone art thou
The balm to wounds, the exorcist to pain;
Thou shed'st a beauty o'er the English lane,
Some homely loveliness all thee allow:
So to the rustic maid of freckled brow,
Her sunny locks or sparkling eyes allure,
(To pour his offerings at her humble door),
The village swain, and pay his amorous vow.

The stately iris and the queenly rose
The homage of the multitude compel;
But the grace which with more homely feature goes
Allures devoted Strephon of the dell,
Though face be brown, affection o'er it throws,
Transfiguring halo beauty to reveal.

AUTUMN

THE AUTUMN OF 1903 PHENOMENALLY COLD AND WET

THE earth is waxing old, the summers wane,
They linger not as in the days of old;
The autumns are as winter chill and cold,
The whole year round is terrorised with rain,
Devouring floods destroy the precious grain.
The august sun itself is scarred and worn,
And its bright face in gulfs disrupt and torn,
And moon and planets multiply the bane;
Tempests make havoc on the wrathful seas,
Engulf the argosies of east and west;
Astronomers interpret God's decrees,
On the portentous face of heaven confest,
Boldly expound celestial mysteries
In mystic lines to thoughtful minds address.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

COUNTRY EXCURSIONS

The sunny lanes and verdant fields invite
The city dweller to their pleasant shades,
The stroller to the fields and woodland glades,
The driver on the trap or phaeton light,
In sweet companionship of beauty bright,
Or others on swift motor-car, whose speed
Doth e'en the wingèd winds of heaven exceed,
And almost overtakes the speed of light.

The cycle merry multitudes bestride,
The youth and beauty of Suburbia,
In close proximity together ride,
To distant scenes of Nature speed away,
In woodland nooks their love and raptures hide,
And pass in "love's young dream" an autumn day.

AUTUMN

HERB ROBERT

PALE, unobtrusive flow'ret of the wild,
Welcome as is the violet of the shade,
Thy blossoms 'neath the hedgerows are displayed
When winter is from his cold clasp beguiled;
Thou brightenest the hedgerows in the spring,
And through the scorching summer flowerest on,
And ling'rest till the autumn cool is gone,
And swallows have t' Hispania ta'en wing.

In field, and wood, and by the shady lane,
And by the babbling brook or river side,
Thou dost through all vicissitudes abide,
Thy faded petals still renewed again,
Till autumn into sterile winter glide,
And we look, Herb Robert, for thy bloom in vain.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

GALLIA, FRANCE

GAUL, Gallia, in remotest ages dim,
Uncivilised, but a country large and fair,
Whose bounds the Pyrenees and Alps declare,
The Ocean, and that great historic stream
The Rhine, which doth with mighty memories teem,
The Gaelic, Cymric, Celtic tongues proclaim
That from Gaul's ancient race Great Britain came,
Though now no likeness the two peoples bear.

Divided by wide seas, commercial strife,
Divided more through centuries of war,
No more with war's alarms the air is rife,
Rivals in peaceful commerce now they are ;
In "good will " o'er the seas their vessels fare,
Brothers in common interests and life.

AUTUMN

WHAT DOEST THOU HERE, ELIJAH ?

IDLER, who hast the learning of the schools
Acquired, the key to ev'ry garnered store
Of wisdom, all the labouring wide world o'er,
What doest thou here in dalliance with the fools
Of fashion where frivolity o'errules ?
In thee an Edison may live concealed,
In thee a Faraday might stand revealed ;
What doest thou here, man of heraldic gules ?

Wit of the clubs and after-dinner speech,
Why frivol all thy precious hours away ?
Thou art endowed the ignorant to teach,
At Bar or Pulpit or the Forum sway,
By high forensic power all minds to reach :
What doest thou here, Elijah, all life's day ?

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

KING ARTHUR OF THE ROUND TABLE

GLORIOUS legend of the fabled past,
Of valour and self-sacrifice supreme,
Arthur, thou art of Poesy the theme,
A ray divine from dim antiquity cast,
Transfiguring with light the sterile waste
Of distant ages prehistoric time.
Valour how matchless! virtue how sublime!
Example by the noblest kings embraced,
Maintaining 'gainst inconstancy the same
Lofty ideal, and in poignant woe
Excelling human. Thine unspotted fame
The loss of queen and empire in one blow
(And friend) diverted not from noblest aim,
Breathing forgiveness to thy bosom's foe.

AUTUMN

OMNIPOTENT DEATH

DEATH waits perpetually at every door:
It haunts our homes at midday and at night,
It rides upon the battle's hideous roar,
In mirth's most buoyant hour is still in sight,
The budding life of tenderest regard
The early frosts of infancy o'ertake,
Herculean strength of manhood's vigour hard
Alike before a slight attack doth break,
Prone on the bed of sickness or beneath
The sudden stroke of mortal anguish felled,
Exhales away the happy, joyous breath,
So slender is the hold on being held.
Yet happily we labour, love, and live,
Nor thought to ever-present *mortuus* give.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FULL OF THE MAJESTY OF THY GLORY

THE majesty of God's high glory shines,
Dimly reflected in the glittering stars,
And moon, who on her nightly journey fares,
And sun with gold and pearls heaven's concave lines.
If thy visible heaven so glorious appears,
What of that hidden shrine beyond the spheres?
For which Elysium the spirit pines.

Only less beautiful the earth beneath,
Soft carpeted with green, domed o'er with blue,
Whose orbit mid the stars it doth pursue,
And incense from a myriad flowers doth breathe.
Majestic are the hills which prop the skies,
Majestic is the sea which round it lies,
And clouds aloof the mountain tops which wreath.

AUTUMN

THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP OF THE PROPHETS PRAISE THEE

THE prophets on the mountain-heights of praise
Lift up their voice which echoes to the stars,
And round the world's revolving sphere declares
The name divine, while holy hands they raise
In fellowship of worshipful amaze,
Proclaiming in unanimous accord
His advent, Logos, the eternal Word,
Down through the ages from creation's days.

The prophet-legislator Moses—he
On Sinai or on Horeb's solemn height—
Sang who should captive lead captivity,
And victory win in Death's and Hell's despite ;
His day Isaiah, David, Daniel see,
In concert of prophetic lustre bright.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS
PRAISE THEE

THE martyrs—who are they ? That noble band
Who, by the scourge, the fire, the ravenous beasts,
Served for their persecutors hellish feasts
Of bestial joy. Before the throne they stand,
A glorious company immortal, and
They triumphed by confessing His dear name,
And through fierce persecution's fire they came,
Obedient to their Saviour's blest command,
And so they were presented sanctified
Before the throne of God and of the Lamb,
Deeming it glorious that with Him they died,
Who for the world's and their redemption came :
His praise from martyr-fires is magnified,
Both Son of God and Man his glorious name.

AUTUMN

THE HOLY CHURCH THROUGHOUT ALL THE
WORLD DOTH ACKNOWLEDGE THEE:
THE FATHER OF AN INFINITE MAJESTY;
THINE HONOURABLE, TRUE, AND ONLY
SON; ALSO THE HOLY GHOST, THE COM-
FORTER

HOLINESS is Thy attribute, and they
Are holiest who love and serve Thee best,
They form a gracious band, of truth possest
In pure simplicity of trust to lay
Their burden down of sin, and to obey,
Believing on Thy word that guilt is cast
Behind Thy back, because on Jesus placed.
O sacred muse, in song divinely say,
The Majesty of Him the Father hight,
Revealed in Nature and in Holy Word,
How infinitely glorious and bright
The Son, redemption's consecrated Lord,
The Holy Ghost, Whose agency the light
Of God makes manifest and Him adored.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE ATMOSPHERE

His viewless potent spirit God in thee
Haply revealed to the adoring sense ;
On it the chariot of Omnipotence
Rides in the hurricane o'er land and sea,
Or wild tornado's path destructively :
But so it whispers in the caller wind
Across the dewy meads with blossom lined,
Or gardens walled in sweet serenity.

And so it clasps the world in loving arms,
Its movement wafts malaria away,
Its balmy fragrance sense and spirit charms,
And pours its cornucopia on the day ;
In summer with the sun's benigance warms,
In winter terrifies with power's display.

AUTUMN

A PEBBLE

How dark, and lustreless, and dull its face,
Rounded by centuries of Nature's toil!
But th' amethyst behind that sheath doth smile
In sparkling brilliance and miraculous grace;
Or th' diamond's scintillations there we trace,
Hidden until the envelope, removed,
Reveals the jewel in all eyes beloved.
So in the scion of plebeian race:
By lapidary Culture is revealed,
An intellect with gifts of God endowed;
The scientist or poet hath appealed
To the world's verdict with insistence loud,
And oligarchial schools that verdict sealed,
And to "Vox populi!" resistless bowed.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE SPIRIT VOICE

How often in the silent night is heard
The spirit voice pronouncing solemn truth,
In iteration of convincing sooth !
How loud the sound of condemnatory word,
Which doth with ponderous beat the spirit gird !
How constantly in light of day the mind
Dwells on high thoughts by lofty minds defined,
In printed page eternally conferred !

Day's clamorous thoughts aloud are heard to sing,
Or golden measures of the lyric bard !
On the silent page the roars of battle ring,
And the victor's shouts by wail of death is marred,
Or where the soul aspires on viewless wing
In song or stately measures heavenward.

AUTUMN

ON READING THE OBITUARY OF A LADY OF
THE NAME OF SMITH BELONGING TO
THE GIPSY PERSUASION, WHO DIED AT
THE AGE OF 107

SMITH, thee I sing, whose ancestry antique
Is traced to Ishmael, the robber bold
Who daily on the desert did upfold
His wandering tents nomad, and nightly seek
Repose beneath the glittering stars, and eke
Before the peep of dawn he winged his flight,
With *burnous* and loose mantle only dight,
Armed with his spear on caravan to break.
So, Smith, thou wanderest 'tween dawn and dark,
On English lane, and moor, and heath, and wold,
Where plundered hencoops all thy footsteps mark,
Inured to heat, impervious to cold,
Rejoicing and forgetting to grow old,
Safe 'neath the shelter of thy little ark.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

ENGLAND

ENGLAND, my country, thee I celebrate,
The empress of the nations glorious;
I love and rev'rence thee, despite of those
Traitors in lofty seats who deprecate
Thy greatness in thy peril's hour, and hate
Thy prowess, and thy progress, and thine high
Supremacy when danger's hour is nigh,
And howl that thou art marked the doom of fate.

I heed them not; I still have faith in thee,
'Mid libels on thy bright untarnished fame,
And hold thy heaven-appointed destiny
For world's redemption in Messiah's name,
Thy progress, prowess, laws, and liberty,
To emulate the universe thine aim.

AUTUMN

BELLS

THERE is a bell which rings the call to toil,
At peep of day, inflexible and loud,
And summons with harsh clang th' industrial crowd
To daily routine of exhaustive toil.

There is a call to worship on the morn
Of holy day mid rural quietude,
Or city, to reposeful rest subdued,
Not then with fever of loud traffic torn.

There is a knell which toils the solemn chime
Of soul emancipated from the clay,
Of one launched on eternity from time;
Another, when his dust they reverent lay
Beneath parental earth, to bide the day
When th' emancipated soul to heaven shall climb.

AUTUMN

THE BARREL-ORGAN

THAT organ's hideous sound, which shocks the sense
And twangs discordance on the conscious air,
Finds appreciative ears in street and square,
Rapture unspeakable and joy immense
To little toddling babyhood around,
Joyous the dulcet notes and heaven-born sound,
Who tread a merry maze inspired from thence,
Till the discordance on my cultured ears
No longer jars, beholding childhood's joy,
The cask of murdered music disappears,
Which erst availed my quiet to destroy,
For lulled to sleep are manhood's carking cares,
And memory spirits back infantine years,
In which I gladness found without alloy.

AUTUMN

HOMER

HOMER, creator of the mighty gods,
Who swayed the tide of battle at their will,
From high Olympus and from Ida's hill,
Their cloud-capped mystic and sublime abodes :
Divine control is symbolled in those odes
Majestical—invention how sublime !
Imagination traversing all time,
And frenzied action the dread annals loads,
Where men as gods, and gods as men appear,
Contending on the tragic stage of earth,
A universe of action earth's dim sphere,
And battle's rage the test of valour's worth,
In retribution for an outrage where
The high transgressors violation dare.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE RIVER AVON

I SING not of heroic Guy, or him
Who consecrated Avon by his lays;
I lilt a little song of dædal praise:
How oft I've wandered on its placid brim,
Where it serenely sleeps in shadow dim,
'Neath Warwick's castled wall, 'neath Tewkesbury hoar,
Those grim mementos of historic lore!
In gay cayote o'er Bidford's pools I skim;
Or where at Welford dreamily it sleeps,
Or o'er the soporific dam it leaps,
Where the secluded mill in coppice hides,
Where the dark pool expands beneath the wheel,
There placid peace for evermore abides,
And fairy visions o'er my fancy steal.

AUTUMN

GENIUS OF GAIN

GENIUS of Gain, thine emulous flame I sing,
The spur of enterprise, the life of trade;
Thou art a god to whom is worship paid,
To whom all men heartfelt devotion bring,
More than to th' holy heavens their offering!
How often when the vocal prayers resound
They are but meaningless and empty sound,
And praises bear a hollow, soulless ring!

But in exchange, and shop, and market-place,
How all-absorbing competition's strife!
For glittering gold how furious the race!
With what fierce clamours is the struggle rife!
From th' Exchange, th' Bourse, th' Pit are gone all trace
Of reason which makes beautiful the life.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

PHOTOGRAPHY

Th' exponent of the art of ages past
Portrayed a little of himself always;
Eke as the living landscape to the gaze,
The speaking portrait on the canvas placed,
Is with imagination's halo graced,
So Raphael, Reynolds, Holbein, Vandyke there,
Soul's high ideal in the touch declare;
The subject dies, but the limner's fame doth last.
In photographic art the light from heaven
Imprints th' unerring likeness on the page,
The faultless beauty is unflattering given,
As th' furrowed lines of ugliness and age,
Though art may still the harsh truth softly leaven
To mitigate th' unflattered subject's rage.

AUTUMN

HOME

HOME, sacred and divine, what can compare
With cot or palace home presided o'er
By "one sweet minister," whom to adore
Is holy worship, at the altar where
Are all earth's treasures most divine and fair?
What can compare—ah! what? Only that home
Beyond the stars, beyond heaven's crystal dome,
For pain and sorrow cannot enter there.

Though here be sorrow, sickness, loss, and pain,
Sweet ministration oft assuageth all;
Adam, when banished, felt some joy again
In Eve for loss of Paradise and Fall:
So where love and the home affections reign,
All other loss is powerless to appal.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE VANITY OF RICHES

How glorious the glittering height attained
By millionaire enthroned upon his gold,
For which he has perchance his honour sold,
And by nefarious acts has riches gained,
And in pursuit has conscience deeply stained !
Or if indeed in probity sublime
He did that glittering eminence nobly climb,
Woe worth the day if only wealth be gained !

The counting of his glittering heaps of wealth,
The swelling of his hoards to mountain height,
Is no panacea for vanished health,
Is no resource in dark affliction's night,
When death creeps on with all too visible stealth,
And the grim spectre looms on failing sight.

AUTUMN

A MYRIAD

MYSTERIOUS quantity, where figures faint
In contemplation of th' enormous whole—
The heaven of shining stars from pole to pole,
The sands, the ocean's barrier of restraint,
Th' innumerable total feebly paint,
The angels which surround the august throne
Of God in heaven, and swift obedience own
To God enthroned, where stars orbital roll,
Th' innumerable souls atoned for, washed, redeemed,
Augment the number of that shining host,
The followers of Him once low esteemed :
Alas! the greater myriad of the lost,
Whose pall of woe o'er chaos vast is streamed,
Where they condemned eternally are lost.

POLITENESS

POLITENESS—oh, how pleasant to the ear !
As to the palate is the luscious grape
Of Andalusia or Lisbon's cape,
Where'er on promenade or mart appear,
All those to profit or to friendship dear,
To greet with hearty cheer, to grasp the hand,
While in the forum, street, or mart they stand.
In this the East and West draw mutual near,
Though diverse, thus are one in thought and mind
And spirit, though not in extravagant phrase ;
So all may grow exquisitely refined,
And store their memories with golden rays ;
It makes the subject courteous and kind,
And fills with joyousness life's tranquil days.

AUTUMN

THE ANCIENT'S CONCEPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE EARTH

ROOTED in Hades, climbing to the stars,
Its wide circumference a varied plain,
Its torrid centre Pluto's sombre reign,
High on its mountain-tops great Godhead rears
His august throne, and for his creatures cares,
Solicitous in all-embracing love,
Or anger their transgressions to reprove.
In some sense this with Christian faith compares :
If there's a hell, why not earth's central halls,
Where fierce volcanic fire eternal burns ?
If there's a heaven of peace on faith which calls
To the starry skies aloof the hills he turns.
One hath a dread of something which appals,
One hath a hope of heaven which deeply yearns.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

A TON

A TON of earth spread on th' obdurate rock
May laugh with flowers, with grape vine, or with wheat,
Of which the famishing may bounteous eat,—
Of gold, it doth the thousand doors unlock
Of happiness and joy, or it doth mock
The sufferer on bed of pain and death,
Nor will it purchase him one added breath,
Nor turn aside of hideous fate the stroke,—
Of diamonds or precious stones it would
Build a vast city of a thousand fanes,—
Of iron, swords, to drench the world in blood,
Or shell from cannon mouth destruction rains,—
In dainty silk and laces it becomes
The gilding of fair Beauty's dazzling chains.

AUTUMN

THE WRATH OF ACHILLES

ACHILLES' wrath, what epic tragedy
Is centred round that unrelenting rage !—
Wrath which submissive kings could not assuage,
Whose dire effects on Grecian arms we see
Recoiling on the Greeks disastrously.
The exercise of high despotic power,
The rivalry of kings in that dread hour,
Enforced the Greeks from Trojan arms to flee
In hideous slaughter and discomfit wail,
Protracted suffering whereby they fled,
Where mounds of dead obstruct the ghastly vale :
For wrath of Achilles whole armies bled ;
But the vanity of greatness marks the tale
In heroes slain and hecatombs of dead.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

A TYPICAL WARWICKSHIRE LANE

BEAUTIFUL village, as I wend my way
From thy delightful precincts backward seen,
Thy suburbs are enrobed in arbourous green ;
And on a rural tree-clad lane I stray,
Where sunbeams through the flickering leaflets play.
Now the lane narrows and the banks aspire,
Making the pathway a perpetual mire,
Transforming to the gloom of eve the day ;
Again expanding, here a cottage stands,
Surrounded by its garden flowery bright ;
And now the road ascending, it commands
A landscape pleasant to th' admiring sight,
Fields after fields of green luxuriant lands
Gleaming and bourgeoning in sunny light.

AUTUMN

ON SEEING A VACANT COTTAGE NEAR KNOWLE, WARWICKSHIRE

COTTAGE without inhabitant, thy walls
Are eloquent of generations gone,
Who drew life's breath in thee, and one by one,
As the ripe grain before the sickle falls,
Departed tranquil when the reaper calls.
Your humble, uneventful lives are fled,
And the last hoary patriarch is dead,
Alike with them of castellated halls.

The garden blooms in its untended state,
There phlox and marigold and lupin bloom;
But all have entered heaven's bright pearly gate,
Through the mysterious portals of the tomb,
Who pruned and tended thee early and late;
They mid thy flowery walks will no more roam.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE SUNFLOWER

FLOWER of the sun, the metaphor of love,
Who still impassioned to her idol turns,
And for his smile when clouds obscure still yearns,
So admiration, love, and worship prove,
More than the daintiest blossom of the grove,
So feminine her destined idol seeks,
And for the kisses of her sun-god burns,
And bridal bower with love's sweet roses decks.

There is a higher love which all mankind
May cherish, for the soul's redemption given,
In Christ the sun of holy love to find,
And realise on earth the joys of heaven ;
None for that holy love in vain have pined,
Or for its joys divine have vainly striven.

AUTUMN

HYDRANGEA

GLORIOUS blossom of the fading bowers,
Hydrangea, noblest in fair Nature's train,
The last in summer's garland, I would fain
Look back with thee on the past summer hours.
How have I exercised my God-given powers ?
What answer can I make to th' Judge of all,
If He for misspent talent on me call,
On that great judgment day which threat'ning lowers ?

Fair flower, thou burgeonest on Autumn's hem,
Some days remain to beautify and cheer ;
My wasted energies I may redeem
Before the winter of my life draws near.
Milton at threescore won the diadem
For lays sublime, which distant lands revere.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE WHITE CITY, SHEPHERD'S BUSH

VISION of Oriental splendour, hail!
Towers, domes, and pinnacles, and fairy halls,
Sprang from the arid waste thy glittering walls,
Ten thousand lamps make the moon's splendour pale,
And the sheen of all heaven's myriad stars to fail.

Here twentieth-century science is displayed,
In all the panoply of power arrayed,
Surpassing marvels of Arabian tale.
Man dies, but his stupendous works survive,
He spans the torrent, tunnels Alps, and seas;
Empires may fall, but great inventions live,
Nature to mind unlocks her mysteries,
To the patient seekers revelations give,
Toil and its recompense the ample fees.

AUTUMN

HOLLYHOCK

ANCIENT and venerable plant, whose blooms
Aspire on stem pre-eminently tall,
Thou art of flowers august imperial,
Thou lingerest when hastening winter looms—
Winter which summer's glory all entombs.
Stubble is seen where waved the golden wheat,
The falling leaves are scattered at our feet,
Instead of hum of bees the thresher booms;
The days alternate—one is sunny bright,
The following is foggy, dark, and cold;
Encroaches more and more insidious night,
Where th' star-emblazoned skies are bright unrolled,
Illustrating the wisdom and the might
Of the Father in the heavens sublimely told.

BLACKBERRYING

'Tis Sunday morn, no school-bell doleful rings,
'Tis a glad holiday from mental toil
And the restraint of Learning's knotted coil,
The schoolboy from his couch exultant springs,
The while he in his soul rejoicing sings.
Autumnal fruits are ripening in the field,
The hedgerows ripe blackberries luscious yield,
And he all studious care behind him flings.

He roams the fields, he climbs the hedges high,
(Their ripest clusters are on loftiest spray,)
His lips and hands the vinous berries dye,
And thus he spends a happy holiday :
In house of prayer he might but sleep or play ;
Why then him pastime innocent deny ?

AUTUMN

SABBATH MORNING WALK IN AUTUMN

How blest it is on Sabbath morn to stray
By rural lanes o'ercanopied with trees,
Threading their sylvan sinuosities
In buoyant spring or soft autumnal day,
And with the birds intone my heartfelt praise,
To note lone cottage, farmstead, village there,
In silence eloquent of unvoiced prayer;
Or by the rippling brook my footsteps stay,
In its transparent depths the fish behold,
Flashing in joy, immune from tragic snare,
For Nature on this day doth them enfold
In arms of sacred and sabbatic care!
Halo of precious calm o'er all is rolled,
The calm of thought the soul to heaven doth bear.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

ON SEEING A WORN-OUT HORSE IN A FIELD

Poor frame of hide and animated bones,
Thy labours done, thy life of toil near spent,
Thy form, with years and stripes and sorrows bent,
In its stark fleshless ribs and crook'd knees groans,
And eyeballs lustreless as pebble stones
Speak to my soul of years and pleasures fled,
And of the bourn to which my steps are led,
The charnel-house which all ambition crowns.

What then the worth to me of hoarded gold?
What then the triumphs of the lettered page?
Oblivion's cold embrace doth me enfold,
Quenching eternally poetic rage;
Time's juggernaut will over me be rolled,
As o'er the sophist, scientist, and sage.

AUTUMN

ABSTRACT AND CONCRETE

LIFE in the abstract is the man who views
Humanity surrounding and outside;
Life in the concrete is the loving bride
Clasped in his arms, protected by his thews:
Love is the concrete being which endues
Existence with its glamour, and portends
That immortality which never ends,
Though fateful death remorselessly pursues.

Fruition of that concrete life unfolds
All o'er the garden of his paradise;
Who loves, in clasp divine th' Eternal holds,
And 'gainst love's counterfeit, lascivious vice,
Defence invincible, and miraculous moulds
An immortality of infinite price.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE ALPHABET

MARVELLOUS symbols eloquent of sound,
Of words the mighty vehicle of thought,
By which the ignorant are wisdom taught,
In which the lore of æons past is found,
Of scientists and poets, laurel-crowned,
Who with live coals of thought dull metal fired,
And the white-hot fusil bronze became inspired,
An epic with heaven's radiance nimbussed round :
So man-created gods Olympian live,
So the One builder of the earth and skies
The revelation of Himself doth give,
His love to man in august sacrifice,
With sanction which compels man to believe,
And knows the truth of Godhead therein lies.

AUTUMN

PRICES CURRENT ON THE MARKETS

WHAT ambiguity of phrase appears
In the archives of the mart (the daily press),
In which the uninitiate confess
Bewilderment! Yet th' imagination hears
The clamour of the port—the warehouse rears
Its unromantic façade bare and high,
The deeply laden ships beneath which lie;
When we read of rubber, cotton, wool, and oil,
Of tallow, resin, sumac, hempseed, lard,
Fancy to deep Brazilian woods has fared,
Where myriad hands the forest trees despoil,
Others on Western vast savannahs coil
The downy fluff, or on Australian plain
From countless flocks the priceless fleeces gain.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE SEWING MACHINE

THERE'S music in the glade where in the morn
The thrush and blackbird wake to joyous song;
There's music in the summer evening long,
Or autumn of glad summer's glory shorn,
Though the woods no more with merry carols shake;
There's music where the nightingale doth make
The night melodious with song love-lorn;
There's music when the loud winds, tempest-torn,
Harp diapason: but the merry lay
Which in my lady's hallowed shrine I hear,
Where her sewing-wheel revolves the livelong day,
And warbles music pleasant to the ear
In sound than concert of the groves more gay,
Is music of a glad industrial cheer.

AUTUMN

INVENTION, IMAGINATION, AND FANCY

IMAGINATION realises form,
And so projects it on the living page,
Portrays a landscape or fierce battle's rage,
Heaven's gentle calm or elemental storm,
With added lustre of creation warm;
And with invention blends its equal ray
Along with fairy fancy's lustrous play,
Which wield a power the mind and sense to charm.
Of this is Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream,"
All in the "Tempest's" magic tableaux shine;
Invention and imagination teem,
Spenser, in those bright fairy forms of thine,
While fancy's brightest coruscations gleam
In "L'Allegro's" or "Penseroso's" line.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

MILTIADES

HEROIC Miltiades, o'er the hordes
Of Persia by traitor Datis led,
At Marathon the power discomfited
Of Asia by a handful of brave swords,
Thine and their prowess history records,
And how the multitudes before them fled,
Leaving upon that strand thousands of dead,
A victory which mocks the power of words
To celebrate. Two thousand years ago
Herodotus in graphic words portrayed
The conflict's rage, the battle's ebb and flow,
Showing how patriotism nerved each blade
To crowning victory, and the Persian foe
Fled from th' Athenian veterans dismayed.

AUTUMN

PSALM CXIX. VERSE 127

ALL men by glittering jewels are enslaved,
The emerald, the pearl, the diamond bright,
In concentrated alchemy of light—
For these have men all mortal dangers braved,
For gold all have with hungry longing craved,
More than for beauty, love, or sweet desire,
In avarice's soul-consuming fire,
And hath the soaring mind to earth depraved.

But some there are who, with the Psalmist, cry,
More than earth's glittering gauds Thy laws I love,
To feed the hungry, orphans' tears to dry,
And ignorance and want alike remove.
The one great law which rules both earth and sky
Is love to man, the love of God to prove.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

LIGHT

How precious is the light which in the morn
Floods all the living landscape with the rays
Of the uprising sun ! How sweet the praise
Of Nature's minstrelsy from tree and thorn !
And how resplendent are the colours worn
By the landscape in th' effulgence of his beams,
From hill, and plain, and heaven-reflected streams,
And flowers which garden, grove, and field adorn !

Because it is of darkness the respite,
Where silence or sepulchral sounds pervade,
Traditions of the spectre-haunted night
Do haunt the sleep or populate the shade :
Thrice, then, the welcome to th' effulgent light
Which floods the rosy mount and lustrous glade.

AUTUMN

INVENTION

No. 1

INVENTION is the faculty supreme,
The noblest emanation from the gods;
Homer portrays them and their high abodes,
Olympian in inspiration's dream.

Invention is the attribute of him,
Milton, no less—the Paradise of heaven
And earth are in prophetic vision given,
And his of deepest hell the lurid theme ;
Of that in chief th' immortal Florentine
Discoursed sublimely, mingling with the shades
Of them who in eternal suffering pine
In realms whence light of hope for ever fades;
Or of the vision, great Apostle, thine,
On Patmos seen by Heaven's sublimer aids.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

INVENTION

No. 2

INVENTION is, like Janus, many-faced,
In science as in poesy sublime;
E'en now, as through th' eventful march of time,
Its progress in this century is paced
With speed electric conquering the waste
Barbaric, bridging waterfalls and floods,
And peopling the desert solitudes
By lines which to earth's utmost confines haste.

In "forty minutes" belts the boundless globe,
And voyages the ambient paths of air,
Where it, like orient genie, doth enrobe,
In clouds and journeys, science guided, there,
Ploughing against the winds of heaven a way
To the mysterious portals of the day.

AUTUMN

BOER AND BRITON

THEY fought for independence, and they won
By failure greater independence far
Than triumph in the suicidal war,
Which wrought them great undoing when 'twas done.
So semi-barbarous natures since the sun
Began to shine have fought against their weal,
Till broader freedom's bleeding gashes heal,
And they through trial on to freedom run.
So Britain, being subject to the power
And world-wide dominance of Rome, acquired
A higher civilisation in the hour
When archaic bleeding liberty expired.
So Britain doth in victory endower
The vanquished Boers, by magnanimity fired.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

REASON AND REVELATION

THE reasoning faculty is God in man,
That image in His likeness first create,
In birth of time from Nature's mystic date ;
By that he traces out Heaven's wondrous plan,
How the systems of the universe began,
Their wondrous orbits, nature's complex law,
Inspiring reason with unmeasured awe,
So far to know th' Eternal mind he can.

But the mystery of sin and evil's sway
Transcends his reason and his finite view ;
Reason, at fault, must wait the occult day
When Heaven and earth shall be created new,
Faith realises the more perfect way,
And knows the mystery of Redemption true.

AUTUMN

MEMORY

MEMORY stores up the treasures of the past,
And the procession of the ages moves
Before the mind historic lore which loves,
To earliest times in retrospection cast,
And all the wisdom of the ancients vast,
That which the mystery of the heavens explored,
All which philosophy and science stored
In tomes which shall long as the mountains last.

Plato, and Aristotle great, and he,
Newton, unlocked creation's mystic door
In lessons of divine morality.
Their Heaven-inspired and holy writings store
On memory's tablets, where indelibly
They live beside the Bible's holy lore.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

A WARWICKSHIRE RIVULET: SUNDAY MORNING

A WARWICKSHIRE riv'let: at its ford I stand,
Where o'er the path the limpid streamlet flows,
Hence through the meadows its course sparkling goes ;
But on one side the rivulet is spanned
By a rustic bridge, while, on the other hand,
The sylvan scene is dominated o'er
By a hall of toil, though in suspense its roar,
And seems not in the scheme of nature planned.

But yet to those who crowd the ranks of toil,
What a sweet landscape to confront their gaze,
And solace them amid exhaustful toil,
And tinge with beauty long laborious days,
And in the purling waters cleanse the soil
Which labour coarse on hands and visage lays!

AUTUMN

ISAIAH XXV. VERSE 1

ANCIENT of days, before the mountains sprang,
Before the seas girdled the nations round,
Thou wast in majesty eternal crowned,
Or ere Creation Thy loud praises sang.

And Thou art mine, my Father, full of grace
(E'en as the angels see Thee and adore),
Who scattered stars o'er heaven's resplendent floor;
By faith I see in them Thy glorious face.

Yea, faithfulness and truth are Thy blest names,
Thy counsels stand "ere hills in order stood,"
Thy graciousness a ruined world reclaims,
By righteousness imputed and shed blood
Of Him Thy mystic Son Whose glory flames,
When the world expires in conflagration's flood.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

SLEEP AND DEATH

How beautiful is sleep! The downy nest
Invites to sweet oblivion and repose,
Where nerves relax and aching eyelids close,
And night and darkness cradle into rest,
Perhaps with visions such that Jacob blest:
Yea, let it be of death the beauteous sign,
And of eternity those dreams shall shine,
With angel-forms in glorious sheen confest.

The visioned hope of heaven divinely fair
Illumes the portals of the clammy grave.
Sceptical scientist, oh! leave it there:
Why should the soul for life immortal crave?
If the spirit be material-thinking air,
Avaunt cold doubt—our happy death-beds save.

AUTUMN

NOVELS AND ROMANCES

THE tragi-comedy of human life
Found its portrayal from the earliest times
In stirring tales or in immortal rhymes,
Or the embodiment of mimic strife,
Semi-historical with ardour rife,
The passions incarnated on the page,
Love's flame or anger's realistic rage,
Fear's wild alarm or murder's dripping knife.

A Richardson's interminable tale,
A Fielding probing to life's inmost core,
A Scott and Lytton whose strong pinions sail
In eagle flight and later powerful soar,
A Trollope, Thackeray, or Caine we hail,
A Weyman who enhaloes history's lore.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

PAS DE CHANCE

CHANCE, fortune, luck, triumvirate forces, rule
The universe, controlling man's affairs
In trinity of power, which fostering cares
For her elect, and plunges in dire dule
Capriciously her victim or her tool—
It is a superstition which hath found
Much credence, and dame Fortune has been crowned
Empress and Arbiter in Nature's school.

But th' Author of the universal frame
Reigns, though inscrutable His sovran mind,
Nor by blind chance the earth to being came,
But was in goodness as in power designed,
And to adoring faith, though through the flame,
In well-found hope the faithful comfort find.

AUTUMN

BABYLON

GREATEST of cities on the rolls of fame,
Supposed by Nimroud first of monarchs reared,
Thy clarion fame through the dark ages heard,
In Semiramis' reign a power became,
The world embracing in its sovran name,
Its walls of mountain height and thickness made
Impregnable its soft, luxurious shade.

By Nebuchadnezzar raised to utmost height
Of earthly greatness, in Belshazzar fell,
What time great Cyrus wrought the miracle
By which he made the vassal river fight
For its undoing and dethroned its might ;
Since Alexander's reign it swift decayed,
And soon was a wild desolation made.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

SHIELDS

SHIELD of the mighty, in th' accoutrement
Of ancient warfare thou wast held aloft,
And 'neath thy shade the man at danger scoffed
In battle's brunt, though spear and sword indent
Its hide-bound circlet. With the ægis lent
By Pallas, Perseus laid the Gorgon low ;
Neath Vulcan's shield Achilles met the foe,
And Hector to th' infernal regions sent.

Now shields are rocks—ramparts by Nature formed,
The rock-hewn bastions of fortress high,
Fearless by stout arms and fierce courage stormed,
Though they in giddy height out-top the sky ;
To these the lissom Boers defensive fly,
Where trenches deep by them are burrowing wormed.

AUTUMN

DEBIT AND CREDIT

CREDIT is life-blood by the rich supplied
To talent, on which wealth and fame are reared.
Empires by debt through troubled seas have steered
To haven of supremacy and pride;
The mercy blessing him who lends allied
With him who borrows in trade's enterprise,
In which way mutual aid and fortune lies,
Enriching both : bankers by lending guide
Argosies to fair haven o'er wide seas,
Ensure against the tempest and the fire.
E'en to the poorest, credit giveth ease
In difficulty or misfortune dire,
Though oft his borrowing facilities
Involves him deeper in disaster's mire.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

ORDER IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW

I SING the oft-sung tale of Nature's birth,
The stars and constellations of the sky,
Their ordered movements fixed unfaltering high,
Beyond the ken of wisest men of earth.
Who belt the heavens divine with human girth,
And trace the finger of th' Almighty Lord
In His created works, by man adored,
Immutably fixed or which on orbits fly.

Divine the axiom, divine as heaven,
Infallible as the universe's law,
"Effect must have a cause" from God derived,
Beholding earth, the soul is filled with awe;
In memory of a past by history given,
A future in unfalt'ring faith we draw.

AUTUMN

DEATH OF MY LIFE

TERRIFIC imprecation—often said
Without a thought of its significance;
Dead is my life on which I backward glance,
My future is in books of destiny read,
And this ego soon numbered with the dead.
Life is but death predestined everywhere,
The seeds of dissolution throng the air,
Horrors invisible swarm round the head,
Bacteria, microbes, dank pestiferous airs,
Typhus, and cholera, and fever lurk
In stately dwellings, creep up marble stairs,
And do in silence their appalling work.
So of the highest; but the lowest fares
More terribly who dies in alleys murk.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE GRAVE

Love, pleasure, honour, riches, all life's joys,
Find their eternal period in the grave,
As the foundering barque is swallowed by the wave.
In infancy and youth, how small the voice
Which the happiness of living naught alloys !
In manhood 'tis a vision far removed,
Though oft its threatening imminence is proved
When sweet companionships death's hand destroys.

But when age comes, infirm and racked with pains,
And all his friends fall one by one around,
When th' blood impoverished lingers in the veins,
And gapes the gulf, how narrow seems life's bound !
How sweet the consolation then he gains,
When life is o'er, with hope eternal crowned !

AUTUMN

HOMER

MORE than the sun, which but illumines day,
More than the moon which beautifies the night,
Art thou th' inventor of the gods of light,
Th' historian of dread conflicts which display
Heroic virtues and the dramas play,
Where the ruling passion of mankind is seen
In tragedy on animated screen,
Wherein for lust or love two empires fight.

As in the days of Homer and of Jove,
Love consecrate or lawless is the lure
To lower humanity or lift above
The baser herd in holy ardour pure.
The lapse of nigh three thousand years doth prove
How love o'er wrong and outrage doth endure.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

TIME

The car of Time—the ruthless car of Time—
Drives on its silent axles through the day,
As swiftly through the darkness wings its way,
Oblivious to all joy, and woe, and crime.
Sunrise and sunset with their pomp sublime
Measure its lapse, bells chime, the dial's shade
Points how it doth in the past centuries fade,
While creatures of a day ambitious climb
With purpose to the height of human power,
With frenzy in the furious race for gold.
An Emperor reigned in Rome, he reigned an hour,
Over a world-wide empire bought and sold ;
And who to heights of opulence may tower,
Oft from his palsied hand the pelf hath rolled.

AUTUMN

THE FALLEN ANGELS

DEMONIAC world, where are thy dismal shades?
The realms of Dis, of Tartarus, of Hell,
The place of torment where lost spirits dwell,
Angels apostate banished from the glades
Of Heaven's Elysian fields from whence cast down;
In halls of Eblis, Phlegethon, abide,
Henceforth for evil damnably allied,
Rejoicing to deserve th' Almighty's frown.

Their glad eternal sport to hunt the souls
Of mortals seemingly their destined prey,
For which eternally they wing their way
Where'er the sun shines or the ocean rolls.
Why died the Son of God, O prophets, say,
When dread Sathanus all the world controls?

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

PAX

PEACE! What a sweet infinity of rest
Breathes in the sound—the freshness of the dawn,
The glory of the sunset when withdrawn
Are the gold and amber curtains of the West,
And evening sleeps on night's somnolent breast ;
There is the peace of Nature's solitudes,
The mountain heights where not a care obtrudes ;
There is the solitude in crowds confest.

There is the peace succeeding warfare stern,
When the victims of the battle calmly sleep
Th' eternal sleep of death to which they turn,
Cast in one undistinguishable heap,
The peace and rest from conflict wont to burn,
The peace which, while rejoicing, still doth weep.

AUTUMN

DEATH

ETERNAL silence of grim death is there,
Where yesterday the air was rent with moans
And the rending agony of suffering groans,
No more to pierce the lacerated air
With the thrilling pangs of flesh and soul's despair;
The pomp and plumes and trappings of the grave
Wait at the door and stern admission crave,
And the sombre casket claims the grave's last care.

Ah me! a bolt is forging in the skies,
Perhaps this warm exultant self to smite :
Death's angel, from his sheaf of agonies,
Selects the barb destined on me to light,
And this warm being in death's mystery lies,
And I succumb to the unequal fight.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

HORSE VERSUS MOTOR-CAR

THE noble God-created animal
To the chariot of war or coach of peace
Harnessed for service is a gracious sight ;
As valiant and courageous in the fight,
Rejoicing in his master's cause to fall,
His service and his life at once to cease,
While being lasts he answers to his call
Unfed he gives him of his stalwart might.

In that glorious boulevard, Champs Élysées,
Or Route de Roi, he is most nobly seen ;
But now his glory there has passed away,
Almost like th' Gryffon dread which once had been :
Now a strange chariot doth man obey,
Convulsing silence, blighting Nature's green.

AUTUMN

ENTHUSIASM

ENTHUSIASM is the energy which inspires
The child of genius to indite a lay,
Be it an epic poem, song, or play.
Such were the holy heaven-enkindled fires
Which thrilled th' immortal poet's living lyres,
Milton's and his whose treasured words alway
Sublimely did a master's hand obey,
Or the Psalmist who celestial measures quires.

How glorious the energy which moves
To enterprise in Freedom's holy name!
A nation which its independence loves
To death confesses its immortal flame;
Its patriot fervour a Japan approves,
For she through seas of blood to victory came.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

CERVANTES

CERVANTES, patriot, poet, thou didst give
Thy treasure in thy country's hour of need,
And in that country's cause didst nobly bleed.
That love and august patriotism divine
Which in thy dramas, poems, stories, shine,
In all their noble, stately measures live.
Chief from thy pen that romance we receive
Which brought about Romanticism's decline,
Its wit, its portraiture of th' brave and bold,
In grotesque situations ludicrous,
On Romanticism derision's flood-tide rolled,
And Scorn's and Laughter's fetters thus broke loose.
In the valorous Don that story great is told,
While the palm of wit to Sancho none refuse.

AUTUMN

MADRE MIA (WOE IS MÈ)

CARRY the victim of stern battle out,
The gashed and bleeding, prone upon the bier;
He will repeat no more the patriot shout,
Or throb with joy, or gasp with trembling fear.

He has fired last volley, heard last muster call,
Will cross the veldt, ascend the mount no more—
A hero in whichever cause he fall,
He dies to sound of the fierce battle's roar!

Naught to him now the issue of the fray,
Naught to him now the fortune of the war,
His ebbing life through that gash glides away,
To must'ring legions he is called from far,
Where Mercy Justice' iron hand doth stay,
And where no sorrow Glory's crown doth mar.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE TRINITY

THERE are three Persons in the one supreme
Almighty God in mystic union,
Three, yet inexplicably truly one,
In essence and in person ; though it seem
Incongruous to finite minds, who deem
Divine should be to human reason brought,
Level and plain, and faith accounted naught,
And hence pronounce th' hereafter a vain dream.

But faith, adoring, looks from reason dim
To the prophetic word and history's truth,
Beholds the Father manifest in Him,
In th' temple courts that heaven-inspired youth,
In th' man inspired with all the Father's ruth,
In martyrdom on Calvary extreme.

AUTUMN

THE PRINCE OF THE POWER OF THE AIR

PRINCEDOMS and powers—how awful is the power,
Almost almighty, Evil hath put on,
Deputed or usurped of God's high throne.
Since th' hierarchies of Heaven's rebellious hour
Made battle's rage in holy heaven to lower !
To reign in Hell deemed nobler than to serve
Caused Angels from obedience to swerve.
In Hell 'twere meet, but why man to devour,
Permitted by predominate Virtue high ?
The nether penal world, the earth since won,
Great God—hath he the empire of the sky,
Princedom of Air ?—why died God's priceless Son ?
That prerogative of grace on man might lie,
If by his natural bent man is undone.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

EZEKIEL XVIII. VERSE 2

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.

Nor only are position, wealth, and power
Transmitted from the father to the son,
Hereditary, but diseases run
Through the red channels of the blood, a dower
Which, undeveloped, still doth threatening lower,
Embittering life. Insanity how dread!
Pallied consumption hovers o'er the head,
And like a plague the offspring doth devour.

The drunkard—fell intoxication's slave—
The leprous tetter of his blood hands down,
And while he fills th' inebriate's early grave,
The son against his will the thirst doth own,
From which alone Almighty power can save
The harvest reaping by the father sown.

AUTUMN

EVENSONG

THE vesper or the evensong of thrush,
Of blackbird, or of nightingale divine,
By various notes in blended sweetness join,
And fill with harmonies of eve the hush,
Echoing from forest glade or lonely bush ;
But that evensong of St. Peter's or St. Paul's,
Which the devout to holy worship calls,
Is as the nectar of the gods to wine.

The organ swell vibrating dome and nave,
The cultured voices of the surpliced choir,
Wake in the worshippers devotion's fire,
And their harmonious tongues unite in wave
Of holy worship's sanctified desire,
For holiness and faith heaven's grace to crave.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

PARADISE

THERE was a Paradise for man prepared
In every charm for his abode arrayed,
Th' arena of delightful light and shade,
So lovingly for him th' Eternal cared,
Where happiness they, male and female, shared.

Oft many a glorious paradise is found
Existent still on earth's polluted ground,
Of holy piety the blest reward.

When 'fore the altar of hymeneal love
The mutual vows of constancy are spoke,
In as fair a Paradise as Eden rove,
That loving pair, on as fair landscape look,
And oft to life's long term those raptures prove,
Enduring as portrayed in Holy Book.

AUTUMN

EXILE

A CLARENDON from the pinnacle of power
 Nearest the Throne, prostrated to the dust,
 Is from the Holy of the Holies thrust
Of courts and greatness, and in one short hour
Measures reverse whose august parallel,
 Was in the rival Roses seen and known,
 When a shuttlecock became the English throne.
Or that which from heaven's height to deepest hell
 Plunged the Archangel, then the fiend become,
Warring against the majesty of Heaven,
 Pride the sole solace to the direful doom,
By the dread fiat of Omnipotence given.
 To the rebel false and martyr patriot come
Analogous fate, from Home to Exile driven.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AN OLD LABOURING MAN

POOR, worn out labouring man, whose days of toil
Have crooked thy back, have bent thy trembling knees,
Have racked thy hollow chest with fell disease,—
Poor sample of the universal coil,
Who dost to life's last hour in labour moil.
Thou cleav'st the flinty rock from dawn to dark,
From day to day till life's last flickering spark,
Or labourest life-long on the sterile soil—
Sterile to thee, for barely has it paid
Thee with stale bread and flesh of filthy swine.
The only rest when thy racked bones be laid
With thy forefathers; but thy virtues shine
(Of piety and patience) in the shade
Of lowly life, nor dost thy lot repine.

AUTUMN

THE DOME OF HEAVEN

THE canopy of heaven, th' empyreal arch,
In every shining aspect how sublime !
When the morning sun to his bright throne doth climb,
Or when the stars at night resplendent march
In shining ranks, or when the jubilant day
Is warmed with the bright sun's meridian ray,
In tranquil hush or wind's melodious chime,
In cloudless bright serenity of blue,
Or flecked with snow-white clouds exquisite fair,
Or when the volleyed thunders shake the air,
Or rain-charged reservoirs obscure heaven's view,
Or when day's splendours in soft evening fade
In panoply of golden pomp arrayed,
Or when morn wakes bathed in translucent dew.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMNAL SABBATH MORN

It is a Sabbath morn in autumn calm.
A grey sky canopies the landscape o'er—
A solemn pause ere winter's tempests roar,
Imbued with Nature's frankincense and balm
Sweet incense in the fanes of worship float,
Symbolical of praise by voice intoned.
Here too praise is with supplication crowned,
As psalmist sang and holy prophet wrote,
But Nature every day His sacred praise
Intones in song of bird and whispering wind,
While we, idolatrous, to Mammon raise
Our altar and to greed our offering bind ;
We pant not now as the Hebrew singer pined—
For the water brooks of God on thirsty ways.

AUTUMN

FATALISM

ALL things were to the great Eternal known
From the beginning, or 'ere time began,
Or 'ere He formed the starry host or man,
Man's woeful disobedience to atone,
Th' Eternal Son to die from heaven came down.

"Kismet!" the follower of the Prophet cries,
When by the sword in holy war he dies,
Rejoicing to receive a promised crown.

The follower of the Christ, the lettered sage,
And he who prayerful cons the book divine,
Read and believe its golden lettered page,
Behold the truth of God's omniscience shine,
In faith of a celestial heritage,
Nor at Death's call or Fate's do they repine.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

VERSATILITY OF NATURE

WHAT a versatile companion Nature is !
She whispers every morning something new,
From earth so green, from sky so big and blue,
Th' Æolean zephyr mid the tree-tops sighs ;
Or where loud gales in Borean thunders rise ;
The vernal robe of spring, the summer's pride,
The autumn's glow in pomp of colour dyed,
Or winter which 'neath snowy mantle lies.
The sun's majestic pathway through the skies,
At eve the splendour of his fading ray ;
At midnight when the stars sweet concert keep,
Or when the silvery moon doth steer a way
'Mid constellations' intricate display
To th' pole of heaven's concave so dazzling steep.

AUTUMN

THE OLD GATE

THE old gate on its hinges long had hung,
And access to the field given or denied,
By chain and padlock to a stout post tied ;
And on its bar the thrush loud matin sung,
What time the day breaks on the sunny morn,
Or in calm eve beneath the blossomed thorn,
Old time his changes on that gate hath rung.

And now disjointed, rotten, prone, it lies,
And the field is open to the wanderer's feet,
The bird-boy there no more to make his seat,
And with his clapper loud those birds surprise,
In summer feasting on the ripening wheat,
And bid them in their myriad flocks retreat.
How like that gateman acts his part and dies !

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

ROT

DELUSIVE fabrication or pretence,
Transparently deceptive in its aim ;
Assertion falsely rendered without shame,
In simulated candour with the fence
Of spurious refinement, culture named,
And in the talk of fashion's votaries famed.
The slang of sporting circles unrefined,
Where taste and education have declined,
To the stable-yard close on the gutter's sink,
In Gus or Bertie phraseology,
Of one become too indolent to think,
And in whose sparkling gems of repartee,
Talent debased declines upon the brink,
Full oft of inane gibbering idiocy.

AUTUMN

FACES—THE GOOD MAN'S

THAT mirror of the soul, the face, records
The character in ever-during lines.
In the man of God a heavenly radiance shines
From thoughts which flow in crystalline pure words,
Or sacred praise in music's holiest chords;
Or when, in rapt discourse on sacred themes,
The good man's countenance angelic beams,
Of sanctity the fair effulgent signs.

So Peter's face on Pentecostal day,
So Paul's when he expounded on Mars' hill,
Philosophy illumined by the ray
Of truth which doth with light creation fill;
In Christ that consecrated light doth play,
In Godhead's glow a golden nimbus still.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

FACES—THE BAD MAN'S

THE vicious, criminal, and dissolute
Are portraitured upon the countenance,
Speaking in covert, or in open glance,
Of vice which doth the character imbrute.
So the criminal gloats o'er ill-gotten loot,
So the sensualist, in lust's or wine's excess
Doth in his countenance the bent confess
Of th' soul's pernicious warp from tainted root.

So the Borgias, on history's lurid page,
Portray their characters as by the sun,
So Tarquin's lawless lust's consuming rage
To chastity's foul sacrifice doth run,
And so in devil's doom th' eternal wage:
Vice ends its foul career as 'twas begun.

AUTUMN

FACES—THE PREACHER'S AND THE ADVOCATE'S

The preacher or the advocate behold,
Of lofty brow and eye of eagle range.
His sweet persuasive accents ring the change
Of subtle argument in torrent rolled
Persuasive, which doth innocence enfold,
Or subtly doth enamel guilt, and move
The twelve just men false arguments t' approve,
Erroneous; and take base dross for gold.

But introspection is at large portrayed
In mobile mouth, on brow with thought enthroned,
Or the preacher's mellow accents are intoned,
And meditation, prayer, and praise have made
The face with saintly halo to be crowned,
At large in speaking eloquence displayed.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

FACES—THE POET'S

THE poet's eye, with afflatus divine,
Looks on the living universe with love.
His face with heaven-born genius doth shine,
While he mid fair creation's works doth rove,
On mountain-top, in deep secluded grove,
From the glorious sun, or moon, or th' simplest flower
Which decorates the field or garden bower,
He doth sublimest lessons still approve.

Imagination sits upon his brow,
And fancy's scintillations sparkling play,
He doth the lowliest theme with grace endow,
And adds a lustre to the burning day,
And views more in the night's august array
Than th' multitude, and doth in homage bow.

AUTUMN

FACES—THE BUSINESS MAN'S

THERE is the anxious face of the business man,
The face of him who deals in stocks and shares,
Who daily to the city mart repairs ;
Pale, nervous, lined, cadaverous, and wan,
Distracted by a thousand golden cares,
Tossed on the maelstrom turbulent of change,
That gulf of vanished fortunes, whose wide range
Encompasses the globe like ocean's span,
From th' Ukon river to th' Australian bight,
In operations manifold engaged.
That face betrays a never-ceasing fight.
A ledger 'tis whose folios are paged
With figures multitudinous to sight,
By day's transactions scored or dreams of night.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

FACES—THE CYCLIST'S

THERE is the cyclist's face, intense and flushed,
With body bent prone on the handle-bars.
Oblivious of the beautiful he stares,
While with a lightning speed the course is rushed,
And reckless o'er impedimenta fares.
So th' Eleusinian racer for the prize
In the Olympiads impetuous flies,
Radiant with hopes or clouded with despairs.
And now—dread horror heaped on horror's head !—
The motor car and he who rides it sweeps.
Like a meteor of the sky his course is sped.
A face of stony, stern resolve he keeps
In mask and goggles, and full oft he weeps
O'er wreck and wounds or hecatomb of dead.

AUTUMN

THE FIELD-ROSE, THE DOG-ROSE

(*Rosa Arvensis*)

How beautiful the roses which adorn
The garden beds, my mission to declare.
They feast the sight, make odorous the air,
And light with varied hues the radiant morn.
I sing the field-rose, of which they were born.
How beautiful its snow-white cup is seen
In summer, on the hedgerow's vivid green,
Protected by its barrier of thorn !

How oft have we despoiled the hedgerow's pride,
And borne away the trophied bouquet wild ;
In questing for the flower, the thorn defied !
What would we give once more to be a child,
Dancing in merry glee the woods beside, —
Those woods which still in age our hours beguiled.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

HUMANITY

HUMANITY, how wonderful its birth,
Born of a woman—born to countless joys,
Though suffering its happiness alloys,
And sorrow dims the mirror of its mirth,
So that in age we wonder at the worth,
Where life is but a battle-field of dead,
Or leaves of autumn on the pathway shed :
How poor and mean the sweetest joys of earth !

Then to th' horizon of our swift decay,
Hastening as doth the sun to solemn set
As he sinks hence to crown a fairer day,
So night of death a morning doth beget,
More beauteous in Eternity's bright ray,
In bliss eternal, free from care or fret.

AUTUMN

CHURCH DOVES

THE doves which circle round the house of prayer,
And make their nest in consecrated fane,
Are symbols of the Holy Spirit's reign
In the hearts of them who to His courts repair,
And make their daily sacrifices there.
The palaces of pleasure do not lure
Those doves to wander from the sacred door;
And they, too, are a loving Father's care.

So they who feed upon the Bread of Life,
Who daily offer up the prayer of faith,
Come forth accoutred, strengthened for the strife
With foes who terrorise their thorny path.
So panoplied, they put them all to flight,
And rise victorious o'er their futile wrath.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

FACES IN THE FIRE

THE faces in the fire on winter eve
Shine out in radiance of pictured glow,
In memories of friends of long ago,
O'er whose sad loss the lorn survivors grieve,
The loved and lost of whom death doth bereave
Remorseless. There a mother's portrait shines
In all its tenderly remembered lines,
Whose memory doth our worship still receive.

Processions pass of friends lamented sore,
Gone from the fellowship of brotherhood,
Lamented, but as those who've gone before,
And joined of saints the ransomed multitude ;
One shines out more than others we adore,
And on its shadowy form we loving brood.

AUTUMN

MERRIMENT

THE jocund morning and the merry night,
Are epithets of gladness understood,
Spoken of those in whom the dancing blood
Attributes its exuberancy bright
To Nature's forces, and finds warm delight
In flowery earth, in brightly glowing heaven,
In palpitating sea by south winds driven.
Again it speaks of boisterous joy the height,
When gay surroundings captivate the sense,
Where the lamp shines on a festive gathering,
And in the smiles which beauty doth dispense,
Music and love and wine's omnipotence,
Make glad the heart, make voice exultant sing,
And banish woeful melancholy thence.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

MISERY

THE miserable are the men whose souls
Sink 'neath an Atlas weight of crushing grief,
From which they see no surcease or relief;
Or an ocean wave of trouble o'er them rolls;
Affliction where no distant hope consoles,
And life is one long vista of despair,
Or the haunting spectre of undying care;
Or sin or crime its clang perpetual tolls
Of doom retributive in time, or in
Some future state dowered with mystic woe,
Wherein repentance can no succour win,
And where eternal waves of anguish flow,
Portrayed in Tartarus, and doth begin
Sin's penalty in time on earth to grow.

AUTUMN

THRIFT

IN crannies of the beetling cliff thy bloom
Finds sustentation, starring the grey rock,
Or if we in the cottar's garden look,
Where thou dost in thy purple clusters come,
Adorning every walk with borders gay,
Th' unfading Box, the modest London Pride,
In feeble emulation thee beside
Are far outshone by thy superior ray.

The village of my childhood and my dreams
Comes back in memory when thee I view,
And the canyon beetling o'er the mountain streams,
Where in perpetual mist it daintily grew.
'Tis a flower with which blest mem'ry's landscape teems,
Like starry constellations in heaven blue.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

PRIVET

THE holly and the hawthorn vie with thee,
Beautiful privet, to enshrine the grove
And garden of our rest, and joy, and love,
When their blossoms in the summer fade and flee,
Thy white flowers bourgeon 'neath the apple-tree,
And thy pungent fragrance, the rosebuds above,
Pervades the odorous garden, and doth prove
A sweet intoxicating luxury :
And though the roses' sweeter scents abound,
And though the woodbine's fragrance delicate
Diffuse their blended sweet aroma round,
Thy pungent perfumes on our wand'rings wait,
For the hedgerows, with thy white bloom royally crowned,
With delectation loving ardours sate.

AUTUMN

LANDMARKS

THAT ancient tree, truncated, lopped, forlorn,
Shattered by lightning, twisted by the wind,
In rugged nakedness on heaven outlined,
When on the moon-illumined path is drawn
Its spectral outline, twisted, bent, and torn,
A landmark well might be, or tryst, or goal,
Or its crannied niche enshrines a lettered scroll,
A message to a fair one in the morn,
Or gloaming, or the moonlight's occult hour ;
Or 'tis the cross-roads where to "ilka airts,"
Point the white semaphores; or ruined tower
Adorns the landscape as it were with charts,
Or sculptured fountain, or a fairy bower,—
All are plain landmarks, whispering to hearts.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

RIGHTS OF WAY

How pleasant are the pathways through the fields,
Those rights of way to the pedestrian free !
To tread the velvet sward, what luxury
To the stroller in the country way it yields !
In vain the manor's lord his baton wields :
The wand'rer from afar, the village hind,
By the abbreviated journey find
A sweet exchange from road to flowery lea.

From end to end of England's favoured land,
Those velvet paths to traverse them entreat,
Where in the meadows browsing cattle stand,
And where the woolly flocks sport round his feet.
Each step surpriseful pleasure doth command,
And changing panoramic prospects sweet.

AUTUMN

SURELY THE WRATH OF MAN SHALL PRAISE
THEE, AND THE REMAINDER OF WRATH
THOU SHALT RESTRAIN.—*Psalm lxxvi. 10.*

IN seventeen eighty nine that wrath was seen,
And sixteen forty-two in despot's fall,
In carnage which the angels did appal;
But God's right Holy Arm did intervene,
And liberty was born where strife had been.
Again the old cry doth to battle call,
Much blood must flow, but right will over all
Prevail, and liberty the battle win.

And as on France's plains, on England's shores,
God the blest reign of liberty maintains,
On Ya-lu's banks where battle's thunder roars,
He despotism's cruel powers restrains,
Th' champion of justice Him adores,
And sweeps the despot from Manchuria's plains.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

A WARWICKSHIRE VILLAGE

TYPICAL village, where the valley farm
Hath clustering round it straw-thatched cottages,
Each with its garden plot and orchard trees,
To the wanderer how exquisite its charm,
Wherein no nemesis hath power to harm!

A mansion on a high, heaven-kissing hill,
The landscape's crown with dignity doth fill,
Where oriel windows light rooms snug and warm.
Set in its girding belt of sacred yew ;
A stone's-throw hence a venerable fane,
With ivied tower is disclosed to view,
Silently preaching of eternal gain,
And the grass-grown mounds and tablets not a few
Assert the path to heaven a path of pain.

AUTUMN

A GOLDEN KEY

A KEY gives access, or its want denies,
To treasure stores of bright uncounted wealth ;
Armed with its sesame the thief with stealth
His fell nefarious avocation plies,
And stores of unearned riches greet his eyes.
The Keys of Knowledge penetralia give
To secrets in which Science's archives live,
And to the gaze a great discovery lies.

A golden key unlocks the prison doors.
Opens the way to Beauty's secret bower ;
It is the altar at which worship pours
Its offerings in fructifying shower :
The warrior's spur, beauty's imperious dower,
Equipped with golden wings Pegasus soars.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMNAL FLOWERS

December 1st

MICHAELMAS DAISY and chrysanthemum,
And sunflower now alone of blooms survive
Of all the host of Flora's train which live.
With what delight to fading joys they come !
And they the winter's breath will soon consume ;
From them no honey sweet the bees can hive,
And we a mournful charm in them derive,
Since they forecast drear winter's sombre doom.

So, hard on winter's night oblivion frowns,
Or t' unknown joys or woes eternal sealed,
The Rose of Heaven our ransomed spirit crowns,
Or in Pluto's shades is Asphodel revealed.
So let us list the lessons of the flowers,
So live on earth t' attain Heaven's pleasant bowers.

AUTUMN

THE SEA-LAVENDER

A THOUSAND forms of beauty throng the groves,
The fields and woods, the forests, lanes, and moors,
And dales and glens o'er which the student pores ;
But he who by the lonely seashore roves,
Or rivers' muddy mouths, or creeks, or coves,
Finds something beautiful amid the drear
Wind-tossed and dwindled vegetation there,
Something the devotee of Nature loves.

Such the sand-thistle's pachydermous leaf,
And unpretentious flower almost unseen,
But on the wind-tossed, billowy sand-dunes chief
Of floral gems is th' pale sea-lavender :
It is the sand-dune heliotrope, I ween,
And in its isolation passing fair.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

AUTUMN ON THE RHINE

LURLAI LEGEND

On the Rhine

POOR shade ! the steamboats have exorcised thee,
The glamour from the Lurlaiberg has flown ;
No more thou mak'st thy fatalistic moan,
In weird wan necromantic mystery.
But though from superstition's bonds now free,
Though all the fays and gods are overthrown,
For their dethronement can hard fact atone,
When romance and legend both exorcised flee ?

But yet, when, wandering on the banks of Rhine,
I scan that cliff, portentous in its gloom,
Where thou didst in thy witching graces shine,
I would still give the mournful legend room ;
Those flowers of fancy I bid still be mine,
Nor let them waste their fragrance in the tomb.

AUTUMN

THE CASTLED RHINE

HAIL ! land of vineyards, river known to song,
Legend and history, thy praise I sing,
Glorious Rhine, devoutly worshipping,
As the Hindoo doth his Ganges, with a strong
And soul-engrossing worship ; be it wrong,
I scorn it not, and would bow down to thee,
Rhine, were no living God revealed to me,
And would thy praise as waters' flow prolong.

Thy vineyards, clothing hills of mountain height,
And hanging woods basking in sunny day,
Frowning with castles whence the bold, bad knight
Harried the serf and traveller by the way ;
But haloes of romance nimbus the blight,
And softened memory doth round them play.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL ON NIEDERWALD

HAIL, Niederwald ! and thou monument of fame
Crowning its summit ! Empire and victory,
And Germany's enthronement there we see.
Foremost in Europe is thine august name.
Consolidated empire from war came,
And peace eternal crowns thy laurelled brow,
And commerce proud and riches clothe thee now,
With splendours of a large prosperity.

And Niederwald, thy deep forestial shades,
Symbol proud Nature prostrate at thy feet.
Yearly her glorious efflorescence fades,
But thou hast on thy throne eternal seat.
Peace plants her monarch oaks in these bright glades,
And scatters flowers from cornucopias sweet.

AUTUMN

ASSMANNSHAUSEN TO MAYENCE

(*Mainz, No. 1*)

At early morn, when the mist is on the hills
In iridescent sheen, I seek the Rhine,
Whose waters dazzle in the clear sunshine.
Here Bingen with transfiguring halo fills
Th' admiring sight, there Rudesheim distills
Exhilaration like its sparkling wine,
And fancy and romance paint each bold line,
With charm as necromantic fancy wills.

The river's widened estuary glows,
The islets gladden in the sun's bright sheen,
Glist'ning in fairy garmentry of green,
And the river with a gentle ripple flows.
There Gersenheim is a flashing moment seen,
While Nature o'er the hills its glamour throws.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

ASSMANNSHAUSEN TO MAYENCE

(*Mainz, No. 2*)

How beautifully the amber water shines,
Where its wide sweeping banks lake-like expand,
And encircle it with a green and glowing band,
Till the sun from his meridian declines,
A magic scene as day recedes, which glows
In necromantic brilliancy, and throws
A haloed radiance o'er its tender lines.

I pace the stately deck and gaze upon
The estuarial amplitude of sweep
Till Eltville flashes, like a dream is gone,
And again upon our noiseless way we creep,
E'en as on light caique we seem to sleep,
Drinking the breeze and basking in the sun,
And a day to poesy and peace is won.

AUTUMN

CASTLE RHEINSTEIN

HAIL, Rheinstein ! mediæval castle, hail !
By modern art restored and beautified.
Beneath thy towers th' eternal waters glide,
Thy walls and bastions have defied the gale,
And every stone of history hath its tale,
Of siege and battle and assault forlorn,
Which many a rent in its stout walls have torn,
And th' spectral past round thy tall towers doth wail.

Thy renovated rooms restore th' antique,
Its pristine ruggedness and martial pride ;
The weapons formed in foray rude to strike,
And armour which the Soldan great defied,
And portraitures which only do not speak
Of them who for their country bled and died.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

FAREWELL TO THE RHINE AT ASSMANNSHAUSEN

On quitting it for the Black Forest

Flow on, thou mighty river, ceaseless flow,
Whispering the legends of two thousand years.
The same soft song was heard by Scythian ears,
And Goth and Roman, æons long ago :
Thy hundred castle keeps dark records show
Of wrong and pillage, but each crumbling keep,
To no awakening doth enchanted sleep,
And on their ruins fruitful vineyards grow.

Now cities line thy banks, an empire great
Paternally fosters industry and trade,
Letters and education elevate,
And an ægis throw o'er every rank and grade ;
On the meanest peasant law and order wait,
And their country's laws by patriots are obeyed.

AUTUMN

THE BLACK FOREST

No. 1.—*Assmannshausen to Triberg*

AWAY to the Black Forest, winged with speed.
Cities and vineyards flash upon the sight,
And schloss and mansion gleam in dazzling white,
With meteor flash appear, swiftly recede ;
Rose gardens alternate with oaten field,
Bingen, Rudesheim, Wiesbaden light
The landscape with their sunny radiance bright,
And the hills recessional gay fancy lead.

The Maine between low banks flows gently on,
Blue as the shining heavens in dazzling sheen,
Like the Rhone at Geneva whose waters own
The Rhine's pollution, through it darkly seen ;
Interminable fields the landscape crown,
Clothed to th' horizon's bounds in dazzling green.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE BLACK FOREST

No. 2.—At Frankfort Railway Station, where the party is divided in twain, one returning to London, and the other proceeding to the Black Forest and Triberg

THE parting of the ways. The holiday
Is ended, and the revels all are o'er ;
Time closes on the past its mystic door,
At Assmannshausen each has played his play,
One in a many parts where all were gay ;
At Frankfort these t' the west and London fly,
And those to Triberg and th' Black Forest hie,
To meet no more perhaps while life shall stay.

Kismet ordained that I to Triberg speed,
Football of fate or chance, I know not why.
The landscape and my past with it recede.
Darmstadt appears, Darmstadt away doth fly ;
Each flying city doth a lesson read
Of wealth where it in golden light doth lie.

AUTUMN

THE BLACK FOREST

No. 3.—Frankfort to Triberg

A HUNDRED miles of plain, a hundred more
Mountain and forest, form the vestibule
To a land of faery gloriously full
Of marvellous enchantment, the vast door
To a region of romance in mighty store.
Triberg, mediæval village, at the base
Of crashing waterfalls, whose rapids grace
The mountain village haloed softly o'er
With antiquity which blends with Nature here;
The pine-clad heights, o'erhanging the deep glen,
Their labyrinthine solitudes uprear,
And in a basin wide the village pen;
T' the sound of falls we wonder and revere,
In Nature's glorious works sublimely seen.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE BLACK FOREST

No. 4.—Triberg Waterfall

THOUGH Llatefos and Espalandfos quite
Dwarf these impressive falls by mightier power,
Yet those stately pines with sombre glamour dower
The Fallback's plunge in glittering flashes white ;
They illumine the solitudes with their own light,
Flashing in sunshine in day's glowing hour,
Plunging in gulfs which the waters white devour ;
Beheld by me in the witchery of the night.
From light to gloom the furious torrents leap
In rapids, cascades, strids, rave furious,
Till round the boulders in the vale they creep,
And their loud voices in soft whispers lose,
The trees, which form arcadian arches weep,
And from the sight the turbid river close.

AUTUMN

THE BLACK FOREST

No. 5.—*Triberg to Greebarsecht*

AWAY by the Fallbach's prattling stream I pace,
Whose whisperings babble of the neighbouring falls,
And whose refrain their louder voice recalls,
Late visited in day-dawn's tender grace.
O'er these dark glades pine summits interlace ;
Mine eyes explore their heaven-aspiring walls,
Sabbatic calm on soul and spirit falls,
In solemnity of solitudes' embrace.

A vista opens to my raptured gaze,
'Neath iridescent light of morning's sheen.
Beyond Triberg forestial mountains raise
Their broad arms shutting in the faery scene,
Mountain and vale enrobed with foliage green,
And Sabbath bells ring out their call to praise.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE BLACK FOREST

No. 6.—Grubasichten to Schutzhutte

THE solemn aisles of Grubasichten rear
A spacious temple to the infinite,
Where silences sublime denote it fit
For meditation and unspoken prayer ;
Nature and Nature's God are everywhere :
A blue dome springs its arch, by day's orb lit,
And a mossy carpet spreads beneath our feet,
And God our inarticulate prayer doth hear.

At the summit of the mountain opens forth
An amphitheatre, encircled round
With pines of mighty altitude and girth,
Where the zephyr's whispering hymn doth scarcely sound,
And thoughts "too deep for words" find holy birth,
In the solemn silence, mystic and profound.

AUTUMN

THE BLACK FOREST

No. 7.—Farewell to Triberg

FAREWELL, a long farewell to the mountain lands ;
To Triberg and its forests vast and falls,
Its pines which rear their heaven-aspiring walls,
Distilling life's elixir on all hands,
Where every steep arcadian glade commands,
A view on deepest adoration calls,
In perspective glorious which never palls,
At dewy morn when the plain in light expands,
At evening when the full moon lights the waste
Of waters and reflects in liquid lapse,
Or noontide hour when vistas fair are graced
With light excessive, and the forest drapes
Itself in sunbeams, and the pines exhale
Their balm, and flood with fragrances the vale.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

THE BLACK FOREST

No. 8.—Farewell to Triberg from the Railway Train

A LAST long farewell, yet another glance
At Triberg, when again upon the wing,
Pæan of mingled joy and grief I sing.
Its panoramic scenes the soul entrance,
While memoried pictures through the brain-cells dance
Of mountain and of forest lands which bring
A joy unspeakable in words, and fling
A glamour o'er them which their charms enhance.

How oft I've heard its praise by poets sung !
It's sombre forests on the mountains hung !
On Art's entablatures perused its vales,
But every feebly-rendered picture fails,
In art essayed, in lyric music rung,
To picture faithfully its hills and dales.

AUTUMN

THE BLACK FOREST

No. 9.—*En route for Heidelberg*

FAREWELL, sang I; ah, farewell lingers still,
Like lover when he whispers last good-bye,
When on a journey he doth lingering hie.
Those whispered words, those kisses linger still
Through many a toilsome climb up life's steep hill
Those pondered scenes may in oblivion die,
Or other scenes eclipse them to the eye,
But love time's harsh revenges cannot kill.

The forest vanishes, swift changes bring
Interminable cultivated plains.
The peasants with industrious labours wring
Subsistence from their little plots of land,
Move up or down with spade or hoe in hand,
Or guide the plough on which a mild ox strains.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

EN ROUTE FOR HEIDELBERG

Lo, Baden, of Wiesbaden the compeer,
Invites to linger, but invites in vain.
We pause, but move with swifter speed again,
And each throb brings our distant goal more near.
The castle on the Rhine we all revere,
But Karlsruhe intervenes on Hardtfaldt's plain,
Beyond, a grove of poplars weaves a chain,
So th' horizon doth a fringe of verdure wear.

Our bourn, proud Heidelberg, allures us on.
Imagination paints its castled height,
Its University illustrious grown,
For learning, and th' duello's oft-fought fight.
Its castle doth the Neckar boldly crown,
A ruin redolent of time's stern flight,

AUTUMN

HEIDELBERG CASTLE

From the Bridge, Early Morning

IN morning's pearly and effulgent sheen
The castle looms forth spectral from the mist,
On haloed light of purple amethyst ;
Its windowless and tottering walls are seen,
As if to imminent fatal fall to lean,
The glamour of departed glory seems
To nimbus it in radiating beams,
On a mountain background of forestial green.

The Geistkirche decks its base, the river flows
Pellucidly in dazzling radiance.
In those white mansions * men forget life's woes.
War has thrown down the battle-axe and lance,
'Neath Peace's ægis labour ploughs and sows,
And builds a sure and rich inheritance.

* Villas on opposite side of Neckar.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE RHINE FROM
KONIG'S TOWER, MOLKENGUR HILL,
HEIDELBERG.

FROM this empyreal height I gaze around,
Where th' Neckar winds athwart a boundless plain,
Striving yon glittering Rhine's broad flood to gain,
Molkengur Hill by Konigshuit's tower crowned,
Shows Heidelberg compressed in narrow bound
Of mountain spurs deploying to the plain,
On which excessive blaze of light doth rain :
There villages on Neckar's banks are found.

Hartz Mountains and the Taurus loom afar,
In misty outline on th' horizon's swell,
And the Black Forest's shades remotely rear
Their fastnesses o'er many a dip and dell.
Balmy with piny fragrance is the air ;
How happy here for one bright day to dwell !

AUTUMN

FRANKFORT

FRANKFORT, thy glorious boulevards I've paced,
Thy Kaiserstrasse bewildering with its blaze
Of opulence in emporiums whose rays
Of diamonds, gold, and gems the city graced;
And miles of palaces with marble faced,
The new and splendid all eyes to amaze,
When I pass to precincts eloquent of days
Of wealth pactolian, commerce there amassed.

Thy overhanging stories, crooked wynds,
Speak of thy merchant princes, bankers famed.
There the votary of the Muses also finds
The shrine by Poesy's high priesthood claimed,
The birthplace of that first of master minds,
Goethe, next on fame's roll to Shakespeare named

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

COLOGNE

COLONIA AGRIPINA, when I gaze
Upon thy sun-illumined capital,
Thy river laving many a palace wall,
Thy marts which with the wealth of Indus blaze,
And thy cathedral which aloft doth raise
Its clustering spires as though at magic's call,
Its groined roof and lofty dome appal
With sense of inspiration's crowning grace.

Thy spaces infinite, thy columned aisles,
And nave diminishing in distance far,
The carvings, sculptures, pinnacles, gargoyles
Surpass in majesty the noblest piles
To holy worship dedicate, and are
A prayer on which forgiving mercy smiles.

AUTUMN

FAREWELL TO GERMANY— HOMeward BOUND

No. 1

GREAT Germany, confederate provinces
Beneath one flag imperially joined,
One aspiration and one patriot mind,
Rich with the wealth of myriad industries,
Thine infinitely spreading fields appear,
Of wheat, food for a continent to bear;
Thy hills are all encanopied with trees,
And thy mountains clustering pines forestial wear.

Farewell; I quit thy shores, I am afloat.
Thy visioned scenes will never fade away.
I pace at midnight my home-speeding boat,
While the moonbeams on majestic ocean play—
Ocean with Britain's world-wide name enwrought,
From th' rising to th' set of glorious day.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

HOMeward BOUND

No. 2

At midnight on broad ocean homeward bound,
A million stars illuminate heaven high,
And on the seas their bright reflections lie,
The paddles' blades make the only solemn sound :
All sleep ; the peace and silence are profound.
A halcyon calm rests on the slumbering deep,
The ever-restless sea-birds cradled sleep,
When the moon creeps up in mystic majesty.

But storms may rise ere Titan gild the morn
With gold-bright splendours of the Orient ;
Those placid waves with tempest may be torn,
And in a thousand yawning gulfs be rent.
E'en now a fog creeps up, loud booms the horn,
And danger broods o'er the aqueous element.

AUTUMN

September 18, 1907

A NOTE of autumn is the robin's lay
Which ushers in the mist-enveloped morn ;
The bare fields are of golden treasures shorn,
Brown fallen leaves litter the dusty way,
Though summer still rules o'er the glowing day ;
My cottage façade vermeil tints adorn,
And berries red are clustering on the thorn,
And the "Harvest Homes" with festival are gay.

The air is stagnant, like th' Sargossa Sea
In mid Pacific, "Doldrums" aptly named,
And for solemn necromantic mystery,
With lotus languors glamorously famed,
And cabalistic beauty's witchery
Is for the "Fall" in waning summer claimed.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

September 19, 1907

AUTUMN in melancholy sequence comes,
Blended with summer's slowly waning pride.
The sicklied leaves with fading tints are dyed,
And through the pallid trees stern winter looms,
Though th' rose still wafts abroad its sweet perfumes,
For Phœbus cloudless doth through heaven ride,
While daily narrowing his circuit wide,
And the merry note of harvest loudly hums.

For the wains are loading with ripe, precious grain,
And the stubble fields are waiting for the plough,
And the groves are dumb but for the Redbreast's strain,
And Ceres doth with fruits glad earth endow :
Autumn with her best gifts is here again,
And at her shrine we sacrificial bow.

AUTUMN

September 20, 1907

LANGUOR broods o'er the last few summer days
With autumn's woof and warp of sad and gay,
Where flowers and fruits in their divine array
Evoke to gracious Heaven our heartfelt praise,
While tranquil earth moves through heaven's starry maze
And o'er its revolutions gracious play
Benignant influences of night and day,
Blessing all things with light's miraculous blaze.

Then chant the psalm, and tune the harp and lyre,
For in fair Nature's bounties God shines forth;
Let gratitude and praise our songs inspire,
In anthems of devout and holy mirth,
Earth's pæans blending with Heaven's holy choir,
Wherein one Alleluia hath glad birth.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

September 22, 1907

A HOAR-FROST casts its crystals o'er the field,
A haze diaphanous surrounds the sun,
Which has in glorious pomp his race begun,
While in the west the full moon is revealed,
A silvery phantom which doth slowly yield
Its borrowed splendour back from whence 'twas won,
While it fades away and yields the throne of night
To the sublimity of a greater light.

'Tis an autumnal morn. The village sleeps,
Embowered in roses, woodbine, clematis,
That ivy-mantled cottage ornée steeps
Its foliage in a bath of quivering bliss,
While the sparrow from its shelter chirping creeps,
And bathes in dew which doth it loving kiss.

AUTUMN

GOSSAMER

September 23, 1907

THE gossamer upon the hedges shines,
Laden with dew resplendent in soft sheen,
Spun by obscure artificers unseen
But which surpasses art of man's designs,
In geometrically perfect lines.
So those fine cells hexagonal the bee
Constructs, to shame of human industry,
And man his pride of reason's boast resigns.

How much he learns from mere unreasoning cult,
The beaver, and the ant, and sluggish mole!
Beholding the miraculous result,
Before the Great First Cause he bows his soul;
For insects build and stars unerring roll,
At His command who the complex whole combines.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

September 24, 1907

AN autumn morning. Iridescent mist
Clothes but not clouds the sun's effulgent rise,
And 'neath Sol's radiant golden chariot lies,
Like angel splendours by Heaven's glory kist,
But, soon dissolved, it falls like pearls around,
And every grass-blade hath a pendant gem,
Adorning Nature's sparkling diadem,
Melting away from the enchanted ground.

But th' gentle frost loosens the blanching leaves,
Which fall as silently as snow to earth,
And Nature o'er the grave of beauty grieves,
Though the Robin chants its lay in chastened mirth,
While the orchard sunshine's warm regard receives,
Masking the face of scowling winter's dearth.

AUTUMN

LIBRA

September 25

LIBRA, the Balance, or august Scales of Heaven,
When day and night are weighed and equal found,
Or measured forth on high celestial ground,
Wondrous variety in Nature given,
Expanding till the car of night is driven
Away, and golden day ascends his throne,
Then yielding till this western, heaven-blest zone
Is from the power of day reluctant riven.

So spring and summer's sweet vicissitudes
Alternate sway in their benign regard,
And autumn intervenes, dyeing the woods,
And sprinkling dead leaves on the blanching sward,
But pouring forth her plenteous wines and foods,
By all earth's sons beneficently shared.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

September 26, 1907

THE lime puts on its bright autumnal stole,
Ruddy and golden in the sun's regard,
And casts its honours on the emerald sward;
Clematis doth its petals blue unroll,
Climbing the trellis or the rowan's bole,
Where the crimson rambler droops its withered head,
And all its bright effulgency is shed,
While dahlia's glorious splendours still are spared.

And th' rose, by the warm sunshine wooed, again
Puts forth new blossoms, as in summer's prime;
While the berries of the brambles prank the lane,
To taste which urchins the tall hedge-bank climb;
And summer o'er the gardens still doth reign,
Though her knell in the robin's lays elegiac chime.

AUTUMN

September 30, 1907

AUTUMNAL morning. Sullen gloom pervades
The dull solemnity of the hooded dawn ;
A copious dew empearls the field and lawn,
Hanging upon of grass the quivering blades ;
The woods intensify their darkling shades ;
The robin's plaintive song is hushed and still ;
A cloud enrobes the summit of yon hill,
And the mist-crowned mountain in far distance fades.

The spirits of the air in wrestle join
Of clouds and darkness with warm solar light ;
In victory Sol lights his beacon sign,
And flames o'er all the skies in fervour bright.
Libra's autumnal balances decline,
And the earth with summer's radiance is dight.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October 1, 1907

SUMMER is over and the last field reaped,
And harvest festival is come and gone,—
Its dirge sounds in the wind's pathetic moan ;
And the wine-press with the luscious grape is heaped ;
The flow'rs in bath of early dew are steeped ;
And while the trees have doffed their verdant crown,
Or swiftly change to gold or russet brown,
Autumn on summer's tattered trail hath crept.

The autumn of our lives rolls on apace,
The summer passes of our hast'ning years ;
Inevitable wrinkles score the face,
And from our brow the love-lock disappears ;
The figure loses all its supple grace,
And very painful seem life's cares and fears.

AUTUMN

October 2, 1907

MAJESTIC sunrise on autumnal morn,
Cloudless and cold on a glittering hoar-frost white,
Where the morning's mist has fled before Sol's light,
And dazzling radiance the fields adorn.
The robin sings exultant on the thorn,
The swallows have not taken yet their flight,
The trees in russet brown and gold are dight,
And th' stubble fields look nakedly forlorn.

The harvest homes and festivals of praise
In fanes of holy worship have been sung,
Where the devotee upon God's altar lays
Earth's first-fruits, and glad chimes of joy are rung,
Organs' triumphant swell and voices raise,
Anthem of praise and hymn the choirs among.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October 3, 1907

SING, Muse, of autumn's soft idyllic joys,
Though Phœbus bright delay his glorious rise,
And though a morning mist obscures the skies;
They form delightfully benign alloys,
And autumn's pensive beauties thought employs,
And songful praise makes morning sacrifice,
Though the swallow with the passing autumn flies,
And though keen frost the garden's pride destroys.

The tonic crispness of the morning air,
When the rising sun transfigures the mist,
Renews rude health, exorcises dull care,
While to the robin's pensive lay we list,
And th' forest trees autumnal livery wear,
And distant hills are robed in amethyst.

AUTUMN

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

To the Last Rose of Summer I chant sad lament.
Yesterday it was blooming in stateliest pride,
Wafting fragrance around, and with rich colours dyed ;
But its blooms with the keen frosts of autumn are bent,
And its petals on sidewalk and border are spent,
The leaves of the linden are strewn there beside,
And the maple's red bannerettes whirl far and wide,
And the garden's mosaic is withered and rent.

But beauteous autumn hath charms of its own,
Though the flowers their petals have shed in decay,
Enchantment o'er garden and woodland is thrown,
And they steal from the spent flowers their brilliant array ;
With colour gay autumn the forest doth crown,
Though the Last Rose of Summer hath faded away.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October 7, 1907

A SUBTLE balm breathes o'er the sunny morn,
In autumn's advent beauteously bright,
In fragrance as in beauty to the sight,
Though the roses cease the garden beds t' adorn,
And the beds of every fragrant flower be shorn,
The fragrance of the wood is soft delight,
In panoply of golden splendour dight,
In grace and majesty and fragrance worn.

Yes—balm—the balm of leaf and flower combined.
Not citron groves of Ceylon's isles more sweet,
And those orchard trees with fruitful treasures lined,
The wants of thirst and hunger gratefully meet;
The senses all their full contentment find
When autumn casts her treasures at our feet.

AUTUMN

October 8, 1907

A NIGHT of bounteous rain, a morning bright,
The spent clouds drape the sun and cloak his beams,
But quench them not, for 'tween their breaks are streams
Of radiance, shafting forth celestial light,
Transfiguring th' autumnal tinted trees,
The weeping flowers reviving, and the glades
Illuminating in their mellowed shades,
And lighting up their sparse intricacies.

For their fluttering leaves with warm tints are aglow,
Rejoicing to the last in beauty's pride,
And as the rivers to the ocean flow,
The seasons in time's swift transitions glide.
We, like those leaves, to death's oblivion go,
Or living, in one stay not long abide.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October 11, 1907

AN autumnal frost, white as the manna's fall
On Rephidim or Zin, preludes the dawn,
And casts its diamond dust on field and lawn,
And doth for adoration's worship call
To the Divinity which orders all
The wondrous processes of Nature's ways,
And which redound to His eternal praise,
And works each morn an amazing miracle.

Dead leaves are whirling on the biting gale,
They flutter to the feet and choke the path;
The drooping roses withered are and pale,
And the maple its autumnal crimson hath;
But the warm sun his splendour doth unveil,
And the ruffling gale abates its direful wrath.

AUTUMN

October 12, 1907

A MORNING after rain. How bright the sheen
Of sunrise and the glimpses of the day !
How clear the atmosphere to far away,
Where no mist is on th' horizon's sharp line seen,
Nor cloud obscures of heaven the blue serene !
The robin sings in jubilancy gay,
But th' gardens weep in autumnal disarray,
And the moaning winds their dolorous measures keen.

But though dead leaves choke the obstructed ways,
And though spent flowers snow the wide parterre,
The tints of autumn call for loving praise,
And the odours of spent petals linger there ;
But sunshine still transfigures the air,
Full oft restoring summer's jocund days.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October 13, 1907

BEAUTEOUS Autumn, thee I praiseful sing.
Thy mingled tones of foliage so bright
All souls attuned to Nature's ways delight,
Although the woods with bird-song cease to ring,
Nor gardens with gay flowers are blossoming ;
Still autumn basks in sunbeams to the sight,
And th' grassy plains in emerald green are dight,
And the clouds on thirsty soil their fatness fling.

The sheaves are gathered in, the fruits are stored,
The winepress with the gushing grape o'erflows,
Song, wassail, and thanksgiving crown the board,
And the harvest moon with splendid 'fulgence glows,
And sound of twinkling feet in dance is heard,
And frantic jollity till midnight grows.

AUTUMN

October 22, 1907

A WEEPING morning of 'n autumnal day,
Whereon the winds' loud diapasons sound,
While fallen leaves bestrew the sodden ground,
And the moaning woodland trees doff their array
Of russet, gold, and red on th' dank pathway;
Imagination owns the spell profound,
And th' sympathetic soul feels Nature's wound,
And melancholy colours fancy's play.

The hastening winter sounds on the shrill blast.
The winter of our years comes, or has come;
Our heads their mantling honours bleach or cast,
Our friends fall singly in the gaping tomb.
The soul asks, "Is this passing year my last?
Hath th' Eternal's fiat rung of death and doom?"

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October 24, 1907

A GOLDEN sunshine ushers in a morn
Sparkling with jewelled dewdrops on the field,
And in its light the woodlands are revealed
Of half their bright autumnal splendours shorn;
But still dull gold and russet dyes adorn
The flickering tresses of the trees, and yield
A soft delight with mournful forecast sealed
Of coming winter with its dearth forlorn.

Looking before and after, past delight
Glad memory dwells on with a chastened joy,
While coming sorrow, and drear winter's blight,
Project on those pale leaves their sad alloy.
Sadness and gladness their blent hues unite
When autumn's days with winter's dolour sigh.

AUTUMN

October 25, 1907

NOVEMBER'S blinding fog and dreary haze
Obliterate October's radiance,
And winter prematurely doth advance
Its weeping weird on autumn's pallid days,
Yet oft the sun's potential fervours raise
The fog, and pour enchantment o'er the scene,
Where the fields still glow in mantle of bright green
And summer's warm effulgency of blaze.

Summer in green and glow how loth to leave,
Autumn in its prismatic splendours bright !
Their blended skeins divinely interweave,
Like the glow of eve before the coming night,
And pensive sadness doth no longer grieve,
Charmed by the beauty, to condone the blight.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

October 27

FAIR autumn on drear winter's borderland
Treads lightly, clothed in soft effulgent sheen,
Empanoplied in russet, gold, and green ;
Fancy with Janus face doth thoughtful stand,
Dwelling on autumn with sweet memories bland,
Welcoming winter with a chilling mien,
Wherein reserve of fear and hope is seen,
And waves o'er Nature's face a trembling wand.

Quivering delight and hoping fear clasp hands
In weeping joyfulness, in hoping dread
Orion burnishes his jewelled bands,
And Ursa's splendour is o'er heaven's face shed
As day departs. Night lights her blazing brands
When winter on bright autumn's wake is led.

AUTUMN

October 31, 1907

A SOLEMN melancholy shrouds the morn
In apathetic gloom, no breath of wind
Rifles the trees, still with gay pennons lined
By the weeping groves in tattered pomp still worn,
Mystic arcadian grace the woods adorn,
Autumn, with beauty's pencilling refined,
Hath pictures in rich colouring designed,
To be erased by winter's weird forlorn.

But though the byways and the garden path
By nuts and withered leaves are littered o'er,
A crown of loveliness the woodland hath,
While closed to view is winter's frowning door.
'Twill open soon and Boreas' howling wrath
Will o'er the witching scene destruction pour.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

November 2, 1907

THE beautiful gradations manifold
Of autumn's tints are pleasant to the sight,
The vivid green of th' ash affords delight,
Though autumn pranks the linden with its gold,
And the maples crimson colourings unfold,
While the chestnut's pennons, radiantly bright,
And the sturdy oak 'gainst winter's challenge fight,
And glammers auriolate the wood and world.

But November fog makes havoc of the morn,
And shrouds it in a mantle grey of gloom.
Beauty and brightness may the woods adorn,
But invisibility doth them entomb ;
Autumn and day are of their splendours shorn,
And wintry fog doth autumn's grace consume.

AUTUMN

November 6, 1907

IL PENSOROSO note inspires the lay
Of autumn in November's solemn time,
Where winter's weird doth on the loud gale chime,
And chilly gloom encompasses the day ;
When the birds their mellow cornets cease to play ;
For some have winged their flight to warmer clime,
Others are mute in spring who warbled gay,
And th' fields and lawns at dawn are white with rime
Which strips the pallid trees and lays them bare
T' th' frosty wind, icily cold and keen,
For winter breathes on the autumnal air,
And the ash has lost its hue of vivid green.
Pallid and palsied now the woodlands fair,
Shorn of their gold bright panoply are seen.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

November 10, 1907

THE ash, beech, birch, elm, lime, and sycamore
Are rifled of their panoply of leaves,
And winter over dying autumn grieves ;
But the sturdy oak still waves its dappled store
Of leafage over forest, field, and moor
In haloed radiancy which receives
Complaint, as o'er a death which us bereaves
Of one whose beauty we had learnt t' adore.

Effulgent autumn to the oak still clings,
In the tattered robes of autumn beauteous,
And Robin Redbreast "In Memoriam" sings,
While the faintest zephyr doth the tresses loose
Of the radiant maple, and they take them wings,
And on the whispering breezes rustling toss.

AUTUMN

November 12, 1907

Blow, gentle wind. Autumn, though sad and sere,
Its beauty for thy threnody atones,
And tempered joy abounds o'er sorrow's moans,
Till the soul with consolation's pæan is glad ;
Though while we gaze to winter autumn fade,
And Nature in her mortal anguish groans
Full oft in gale which autumn fair dethrones,
And strews with cumbered wreck the woodland glade.

But now serenity of peace obtains,
And though white hoar-frost silver argent morn,
A rosy dawn the eastern heavens stains,
And transfigured splendour doth the woods adorn.
Autumn in all her magic beauty reigns
In affluent colouring by the woodlands worn.

FLASHES FROM THE ORIENT

November 19, 1907

A ROSY dawn, the eastern hemisphere
A blaze of glory, to the zenith dyed
With gold and amethyst in bannered pride
Of clouds refulgent with the day dawn near,
While 'neath its iridescence doth appear
A smiling landscape, pranked with hoar-frost white,
Which glitters 'neath that great orb's glowing light,
While brisk and oxygenous is the air.

Winter enrobes the earth, but the big sky
Is iridescent with autumnal glow,
Though the woods no longer wave their banners high.
And though the winds with wintry weirdness blow;
Th' insidious advent autumn doth defy
Of winter panoplied with ice and snow.

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